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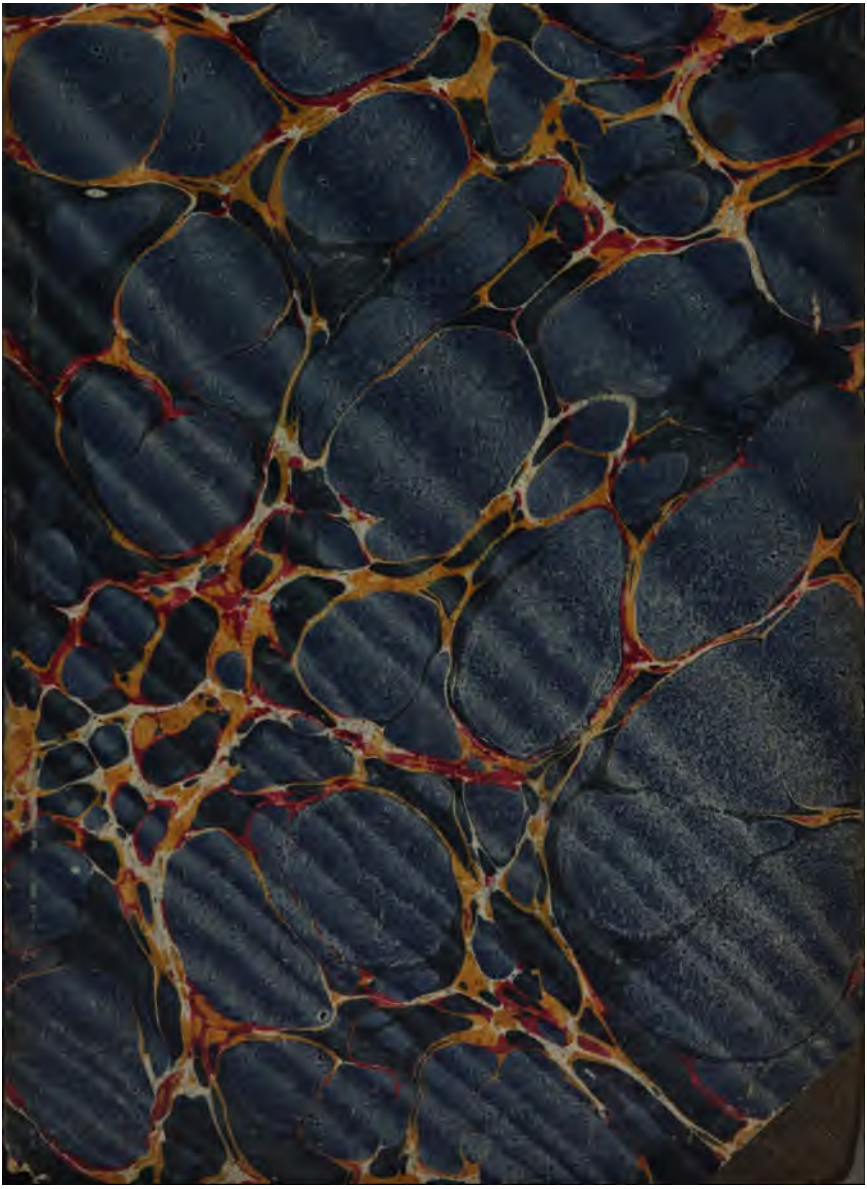

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CHARLES OLIPHANT.

A NOVEL.

By W. JAMES, Esq.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

London:
T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,
30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.
1857.

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24 Q. W. 40.

CHARLES OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

It had set in a dull and cold afternoon, contrary to the season, when Colonel Monteith, who was engaged to dine with some friends at Greenburn, arrived at the little inn where he was to leave his horse before proceeding to the mansion of his friend. The landlord, at times only accustomed to such a guest, received him with the usual veneration of innkeepers for country lairds, that is, as if he was a superior being. He desired

his horse to be ready at nine, to carry him home, and walked towards the house.

As he went along a stranger met him coming in the opposite direction, to whom he paid small attention, nor was his appearance or dress much calculated to attract it. The sailor's garb and stately form of the stranger as he walked smartly past, did, however, slightly gain his notice; but his own appearance was more surprising to the other, who stopped after a little, and looked back, as if uncertain whether he had seen him before. Apparently, after a little musing, he made up his mind; and as he was but a short way from the inn he repaired thither, and soon, by a few inquiries, was satisfied.

Smith, for it was he, had escaped from the man-of-war on the first opportunity that presented itself of doing so with success, and was now on his way home again; but the change in the personal appearance of his rival, by constant dissipation, had become so great, that he had reasonable doubts of his identity. These being

fully removed he set himself to consider how he should avenge the injury which had been done to him, and which he had long ago no difficulty in tracing to its true source.

Of Miss Ashfield's misfortune and melancholy end he was fully apprised, and this increased his resolution to settle scores with Monteith on the first convenient opportunity.

He enquired of the landlord when he would probably return?

"Nae man on airth can tell that, sir. He said at nine, but I never found him keep his hour. He may come at any time or not come at all. A queer set meet up yonder at Laird Wallace's, and keep it up drinking and driving oure to a' hours. And he'll no be fit to speak to you gin he do come."

"Well," thought Smith, "I can't fight with a tipsy man; he must answer me in sobriety for what he has done."

Very soon after he retired for the night, determined to reach home, and see his old mother

before embarking in an affair that might compel him to fly.

As he was leaving the kitchen, where he had gone to question the landlord, two men came in and sat down to a glass of ale. Smith merely observed that they were of the class of wandering Irish who stray about in quest of employment, wearing the usual dress that distinguishes their countrymen,—the long-tailed coat, breeches and stockings, bad hats, and fancy neckcloths. They sat silent or talked in whispers, and the landlord, who was well accustomed to such visitors, supplied them with what they wanted, till such time as he thought they had had enough, and then told them so, and requested them to leave his house. They felt the necessity of compliance, for he had force at hand sufficient to compel obedience, if that had been refused, and they went away, muttering an oath or two against his incivility, in the direction of Greenburn.

The evening was spent by Colonel Monteith as many other evenings had been in

the same place; but as the night began to wear away he thought of returning homewards. A sudden and inexplicable impulse to do so moved him in the midst of the mirth and joviality of his companions, and their banter and laughter only served to increase its intensity.

Mr. Wallace at first joined in the laugh against him, but desisted when he saw Monteith getting grave and even angry, pushing away the wine before him; and he imposed a check on those who would have continued to indulge their love of ridicule.

It was dark; a storm of wind and rain had begun, and the sound of distant thunder was heard. One or two went out, and on seeing the threatening of the elements resolved, with more prudence, to stay over the night, and joined in Wallace's entreaties that Monteith would do the same. As they stood at the door, engaged in this conversation, the gusts of wind brought the falling leaves rustling to their feet, from the old trees, whose boughs were bending under the

blast, and at intervals, the lightning shone across the gloomy sky; the entreaties and remonstrances of his friends were alike unheeded by Monteith who had determined to go, and would go, he said, though all the devils in hell were to oppose him.

"Take, then, a horse to the Inn," said Wallace; "and leave him there."

And to this alone, Monteith would consent; and while one was got ready, and brought round, Wallace in considerable alarm said:—

"Remember, I urged you to stay. Never let it be said, and our friends will bear witness, that I omitted anything in my power to induce you to stay for the night."

"I shall say no otherwise," he replied; "but let me begone."

He was assisted on horseback, and immediately rode off.

Wallace stood silent, anxious, and listening to the sound of the horses feet, which soon died away on the blast; and he returned to his

friends who were now serious, reflecting on Monteith's strange conduct, and anxious for his safety.

"Force we might have opposed," said Wallace, "but I, at least, must have offended him for ever; and there was not time to consider the propriety of using it."

As Monteith rode on, the storm increased in intensity, and the flashes of lightning rendered the road itself and the hedges a sheet of fire; the horse snorted and trembled at the lightning, and once or twice reared and nearly threw his rider, but he was a good horseman and continued to keep the saddle.

In a short time he passed the two Irishmen who were cowering beneath the hedge on the road side, for some shelter, the accidental sight of whom frightened the animal still more, and under the effects of fear and the punishment of the spur, it dashed across the road and over a fence into some meadow ground. There its rider soon lost all idea of the direction in which

he was going, and only felt the ground was easier and the speed of his horse more rapid.

Gradually the earth became soft and wet; and a fresher breeze, and at last the sound and then the sight of waters awaked Monteith to some consciousness of danger. But the animal he rode, unaccustomed to such a rider and mad with fear and suffering, dashed through the long reeds into the Loch of Greenburn. A solitary house stood near its side, the abode of a farm servant, who had been awakened by the storm, and was driving some sheep from the hill down to the low ground. His dog first observed Monteith as he swept past, and barked and howled at the sight; and his owner thought it was an evil spirit which thus met his eye. He followed the sight in horror, and witnessed Monteith precipitated into the water and both horse and rider struggling in agony; and though he rushed down from the bank, where he stood, it was only to see that Monteith had been thrown off and disappeared in the water; while his horse after swimming

about and feeling relieved, and alarmed also by the new element in which it was, made for the shore, and after repeatedly falling back, raised itself above the bank, got on the ground, stood still, and neighed.

The cottager came to him, and the poor brute, glad to be under the guidance and protection of man again, stood quietly and allowed himself to be led away and tied up. The man roused his son and desired him to rub the beast down with a wisp of straw; and the lad easily conjectured from the fear in which the creature was that he had run away with his rider. As soon as it was light, the cottager, who was employed on the Greenburn estate, set out for the house, and as he passed the inn told there what he had seen. Several men were got together; and Smith, who joined them as they were about to set out, agreed to assist in trying to find the body. None of them could as yet conjecture who it was, but the innkeeper on coming down to the house beside the loch, saw the horse and said it was

and follies,—as a specimen of antiquity, such as is found in a museum, a hundred or two of each set of naval and military heroes might be kept in a preserve or hospital at the country's expense so that

Panca tamen sceleris maneant vestigia nostri,

as a heathen might have said.

"And, my friends, there is nothing extraordinary in my views, for we had no standing army in Britain till a late date; and what our ancestors at one period knew not we may dispense with, especially as its existence fosters the craving for meddling in other nations' affairs, which has produced such an amount of pecuniary burdens. These burdens were undertaken in ignorance and folly, but perhaps with some views in which honesty and stupidity went linking together; and so, I suppose, we must still continue to carry on under the load. But now when in France, which has been long called our natural enemy, and falsely, for nature has made no man

the enemy of his neighbour nor any people; when in that country—the centre of civilization —a universal brotherhood of mankind has been proclaimed, shall we hesitate to accept the right hand of friendship, and to bid war and conquest cease? Throughout the country societies similar to yours should everywhere be formed, to impress on our rulers the wishes of the people for perpetual peace.

"Political economy, which is my science, teaches that all our burdens, past, present, and to come, have arisen and will arise from war. We should have no new taxes imposed, and many old ones gradually reduced, by remaining at peace. This is an argument which appeals to your pockets, for into them the warriors dive at every turn, and as long as they are kept in existence you cannot button up or say, no more. If the wild beast is kept it must have its daily allowance of flesh supplied at the expense of the people; and every pound it devours is so much withdrawn from you and your families.

But by remaining at peace you remove the necessity of maintaining this monster, which will be soon discovered to be a useless creature thereafter, and then be summarily dispatched.

"We have been driven from part of America where we carried on a war against our own countrymen, after the cost of much blood and treasure. They asserted, right or wrong, their title to self-government, and disputed the power of the British Legislature to tax them, and have compelled us to yield far more than their original demands; for the authority of our sovereign no longer extends over that vast country. We have been ignominiously driven from it, have been forced to recognise the independence of its people, and above all, as the most bitter and permanent fruits of that war, we have been saddled in perpetuity with a debt of a hundred millions, or I should say much more.

"Let us, therefore, be warned in time, and by a determinatlon to preserve peace crush the war spirit, from which all present can only

expect unmixed evil. None of you, my friends, can hope to be a general, or admiral, colonel, or captain, and none of you should wish to be, for these are dangerous animals—legalised destroyers —who live at your expense on pretence of defending you."

Mr. Quivox here concluded his address, which was received with marks of great satisfaction, being adapted to the views of the society, of which he was unanimously, on the motion of the President, enrolled as a member.

As the meeting broke up the sound of military music was heard at a distance, from a regiment coming along the road towards New Monkton. Immediately Mr. Quivox, his lecture, the society, fraternity, and every peaceful idea, fled from the mind and senses of old and young, as they hurried to hear the exhilarating sounds. Mr. Armour contemplated the sudden change of sentiment which animated the people with a smile, and turning to Quivox said—

"You must next lecture, Mr. Quivox, against

music, and military music in particular, and try to turn the brass band with drum and fife to some useful account."

"I shall do so," said Quivox; "but it passes my science at present to discover what could be their use; the brass might be made into candlesticks perhaps. I shall consult a friend skilful in metals how this matter is to be dealt with."

Mr. Armour acquiesced; and amidst the huzzas of the multitude, including Mr. Quivox's late audience, the martial array swept past to the tune of British Grenadiers, and the President with his youngest brother returned to his house.

CHAPTER III.

ALLAN STEVENSON left Edinburgh immediately after his accidental meeting with Adamson on the High Street. He had found that his usual wandering life in his native district was more pleasant and more profitable too, than the casual light work or the cold charity of strangers; that it was better to live where he was known, where he could call at intervals at such houses as Miss Waldie's and get enough to eat and a night's rest besides.

Allan, after long walks and occasional rides, reached the bay, at the head of which his native town was situated, and it again met his eyes in

the distance shining across the waters, with hills, woods, and green fields, the delightsome land of his youth, remembered ever gratefully by the long sojourner in foreign climes. The air seemed to change and come back to his senses as he remembered it in boyhood. This change was in fact caused by his turning inland; and by the hazel woods and old gardens, which communicated some fragrance, even in harvest, to the breeze as it blew softly up the vale. The day was more than half done, as he left the high road for another which led to a footpath by the seaside, often trod by him when a boy. Its descent was steep and rugged, by the margin of a brawling stream, which chafed along its stony channel till it reached the shore, and then gently glided away among shells and sand, till its clear stream was swallowed up by the tide.

His course of life had led him through scenes calculated to harden the feelings; the drill, the bivouac, the battle, and the siege, even if poverty and hard work and spare diet, and poor brothers

and sisters were not enough of themselves; but on again entering the old footpath and renewing some of his youthful actions, a gentle languor come over him as if he were under the fascination of a pleasant dream. Sometimes he diverged to gather a few rowans or nuts in the well remembered wood, or plucked the sloe or wild cherry which grew in profusion by the side of the path; sometimes he turned to the smooth beach, on which here and there lay huge stones clustered with mussels, and trod the sand grey and glistening in the sun of an Autumn day. Poor Allan had become a boy once more, and only regretted he could not live on under the shadow of the pleasant woods, and within hearing of the murmuring waters of the bay.

Evening coming on, with the bright harvest moon suddenly rising in full majesty over the hill of Ernock, completed the enchantment of the scene, and brought a hundred recollections of old faces and things familiar long ago. At length he found he was gradually approaching the spot

where the footpath again joined the high road. It led him immediately below one or two fishermen's houses, and he saw several were examining their nets, as the sea had ebbed from about them. Allan was hesitating if he should not go in, having some knowledge that he would be made welcome; when John Fowler, a man well advanced in years, in a seaman's dress, came out of one of the houses, and, seeing him, spoke a friendly word, and after a little recollection, stretched out his hand, which was cordially shaken; and he invited him in.

John's family consisted of his nephew's children and of his niece, who looked to their little wants as well as she could, for their mother was dead.

"In truth," said the uncle, "she sometimes needs looking after herself. Ye'll mind her; Bell Fowler. She was then in Graham's Park. Her troubles with Mr. Braidwood though, are syn your time."

"Tell me them," said Allan, "I mind baith,

and was in love with the bonnie lass of Graham's Park mysel, and could sing the song that went thro' the country," and he repeated a line or two.

"That's it, that's it," said Fowler, "it helps auld memories. I've heard Braidwood sing that himsel. His uncle, Joseph Braidwood came hame frae Jamaica a rich man, tho' a puir eneuch ane when he went awa; and he would tak his nephew, John Braidwood, wi him. I cam home at the same time. There was, you may be sure, a sair struggle on the young man's part to gang;"—Stevenson nodded,—"and crying, wi vows of constancy, breaking sixpences and other foolery. And off the Braidwoods and mysel went to Liverpool, and sailed for Jamaica. The auld man told his nephew he would soon forget his folly; and in truth he was kept busy; book-keeping, slave driving, a touch of the fever, and the company of the loose planters, rubbed off onie softness. I saw him sometimes when I cam to to Port Royal. He had the same affection for

the lass, for a man minds the liking of his youth, and he sent her letters and presents which she spent in supporting her folks, and still she looked to the time he would come back.

"After eight or ten years I was at Port Royal, a sailor, and brought a letter, and the uncle asked me to his house several miles off. I went and stopped some days, and he was friendly, and the nephew had questions to ask and letters to write.

"The auld man, as I saw, treated his slaves ill, and a sair sicht it was to see those creatures labouring among the canes, men and women, maist naked, wi the drivers standing o'er them lash in hand, and it was used on sma' occasion or may be nane. He had also lost, that auld man, a' feeling, and indeed I may say maistly that is left o'er often behind, in Scotland. He had bastards by different women, and treated them weill for a time, and then put them to the same toil as the rest of his gang. Ane o' them, a stubborn lad, was flogged by his orders a day

or two after we came to the house, and could not be got; he had run of. But next nicht on the auld man going out o' the house he was shot dead. The nephew got his estate and sold off and came hame.

"He said he wished to surprise her wha had waited sae long, and I saw no harm. On his going in, baith stood and looked at ane anither no kenning what to think. Youth, Allan, runs quick awa', and he expected the same face, een, and smile he had left fifteen years before; and saw a woman weill up. I kent nae difference mysel. He could not doot wha it was; but stood like a stane, then turned and asked me to speak to him; and we went out and he said wi' tears, 'this is no Bell Fowler; it is not the girl I left.' 'It is the same,' said I, 'Mr. Braidwood, but fifteen years is past.'

"'True, very true,' said he, 'but she is so changed; I nae longer can see the face o' Bell Fowler.'

"I tauld him to gang in and speak to her and he would sune see there was nae difference.

"At first he stopped, then drew back, 'No I cannot by heaven,' were his words. 'I will not meet her looks again; speak for me, excuse me if you can, offer any money,' and he rushed awa. I went back into the house and found Bell in tears. 'He finds me changed,' she said, for with a woman's eye she had at once seen the cause, 'and that I am not to blame for. Could I stop time, or was I to blame because he staid away so long. Have I seen a change on him.'

"I was mysel so vexed, Allan, it was lang or I could say a word. But I tried him neist day—but no. He lives on in a queer way by himsel, and nane sees or cares aboot him. She never mentioned his name again and we do not.

"Little Annie there will sing you her aunt's sang that she has learned on her knee. Come to me, my dear, and sing your aunt's sang."

The child came, her cheerful smile showing she was pleased to be noticed, and sung it—

"I'll big me a bower on yon burnside,
Sae far frae tower and toon,
Whar I may secret sorrow hide,
Unseen by a' lie doon.

Nane there to mark my restless sleep,
Or say wha was untrue,
Nane bye to see me start and weep,
As I past scenes renew."

"Hark," said he, "she is coming;" and immediately afterwards Bell Fowler entered.

Allan rose and said he was glad to see her, "though ye'll may be forget an auld acquaintance." As she seemed uncertain he said, "I am Allan Stevenson. Ye'll min' me at Graham's Park lang syne."

She started, and a tear came into her eye as she said she remembered him well. "But you are changed by time like myself."

"Aye, and by toil and wounds too, for few escape baith that link wi' Brown Bess; but it's getting late, and—"

"Ye'll no steer this nicht," said Fowler, "yere welcome to supper and bed, and ye can daunder awa o'er the morn."

The old soldier accepted the offer, which was made with kindness, glad to rest after a journey, which, for that day, had not been a short one.

CHAPTER IV.

It is appointed beneficently that we wear away grief of heart in the daily exercise of mind and body incident to our situation and employment in the world, and are thus enabled to sustain the bereavement of those who are dear. Miss Waldie might have been said to be left alone, for her family ties were broken; but her duties took a wider range when her own disposition could have its full freedom. In her house and employment all seemed contented, loath to give her occasion to reprove, and sorry to leave her, even when it appeared for their own worldly advantage to do so. Her natural kindness was perceived and

returned even by the dumb animals in the fields; for often the milky mothers stopped to lick her hand when she came to them, and even their surly lord turned his savage front meekly towards her to be caressed.

This kindness of her disposition was accompanied with a happy uniformity of good temper; and many besides her own household were glad to commit their afflictions and trials to the guiding of her clear and well-regulated mind, certain of receiving comfort and consolation. Whatever little jars occurred amongst her servants they were careful should not reach her; they felt indeed her conduct to be a day long, a continual example of moderation and forgiveness. As a free living and irascible farmer once observed of her domestic economy: "Ither's folks houses are week-days, but Miss Waldie's house, it's aye a Sunday there." While she was engaged as usual in the evening, Allan Stevenson, who had resumed his wandering, came up to the door and began to tune his fiddle.

Presently a lively reel or strathspey was heard by turns; and as Miss Waldie perceived the servants gather near, as work would allow, she desired Allan to step in and rest himself, and he might remain for the night. Well pleased was the veteran with this invitation, nor less the lads and lasses around. A hint was given to one or two blue-eyed urchins, and they soon made Allan's welcome known in one or two of the neighbouring farm houses, and even as far as Mr. Frankover's; and from them friends came in, as if by chance; till Miss Waldie, without hinting anything of what she guessed, said they might have Allan's music to a dance in the barn, and she would come and look over them herself, with which they were well pleased, for all went well when she was present.

And she looked on herself, as much gratified in contributing to their happiness as the youngest of them in dancing the reels and country dances to which Allan's fiddle gave life and joy. At length Miss Waldie said he had done enough;

he had supper and bed. A gratuity from her in the morning completed his satisfaction.

As she gave it she had the curiosity to inquire where he had been hurt!

"It was in India," said Allan; "I knew you, Miss Waldie, when I first cam up; and I have been here too in days past, and down at the House yonder in Mr. Oliphant's time,—I mean his father's time, for he was in India like mysel; ye'll min' him, a handsome man, but now I hear he's dead, and Mr. Frankover has his house and some of his land. I remember him weil too,—he was a boy in an office as I came and gied to the shop; but he'll no ken me. However, I'se gie him a ca'."

This speech contained some things that gave pain; but as Miss Waldie knew no evil was or could be intended, she willingly overlooked it, and recommended Allan to return occasionally, as she would make him welcome. He thanked her from his very heart:—

"Few ask a sodger, worn out and lame, and

without a pension, to show his poverty at their gate end," said he; "but good morning, and Heaven bless ye."

So saying he hobbled away down the road that led to a narrow footpath through the grounds of Mr. Frankover. On reaching the point where the footpath commenced, he found a gate had been put at the entrance, and a warning board affixed to a tree threatening all intruders with law and its pains and penalties; and Allan, on reading it contrasted in his mind the new proprietor and the former,—the threats of the one and the mildness of the other. But the road was direct, and to go round about would for him be laborious.

"Besides," he soliloquised aloud, "I mean to gie him a ca', and I must go through his woods and grounds to reach his house: and it's on business to the house I'm gaun, and this notice says, 'except on business.'"

He opened the gate and took the path, now, by Mr. Frankover's notice, not so well worn as

in former times, an effect common enough of such notices, which have helped to exclude the patient and often too submissive people of Scotland from many a pleasant spot that their forefathers had been accustomed to visit without a suspicion that they could be intruders when on the soil of their native country. But Allan knew it well, having been often when a boy at the trouting stream which ran through the fields, winding gently by the old trees here and there planted near its side. The day was balmy, with a very slight breeze, and when he reached the lawn he thought it still too early to produce his fiddle at the house, but sat down at the foot of one of the old ash trees and soon fell asleep.

It chanced that Mr. Frankover and his lady were out walking near the place, and suddenly came up to Allan, still resting on by the stream. Frankover, giving way to a paroxysm of passion at finding his privacy thus uncere-meniously intruded on, rushed up to the sleeper and struck him smartly with his stick, breaking

his fiddle, which lay in a bag beside him. Thus disagreeably saluted, Allan rose as speedily as his lameness would admit, and his mutilation and poverty had spoken to the heart of the lady, while it somewhat mitigated the rage of Frankover himself, who, though he repented of the blow, asked Allan in a stern voice how he dared thus to venture into his grounds?

The veteran having already anticipated who the person addressing him was, replied that toil and wounds forced him to choose such place of God's earth for rest as he happened to be on at the time; and if he was now as once he was, no man should strike him with impunity, or destroy what was his means of subsistence.

"I hae seen the day, Mr. Frankover, boy or man, when you dared not hae done this, and when I could hae taught you sae. But you don't ken me noo, though ance there was sma' difference atween us."

Mr. Frankover, thus aroused, tasked his recol-

lection in vain, till Allan, seeing him still at fault, said—

"I am Allan Stevenson, of —"

Mr. Frankover was by this unexpected announcement thrown so suddenly off his guard that he staggered back as if Allan had shot him; yet, after a moment or two, he recovered himself with admirable coolness, and said, in a tone very different from that in which he began the colloquy—

"This is unfortunate, Stevenson, but you can follow us down to the house."

"Yes, do so," said Mrs. Frankover; "and a new fiddle will be provided as good as the old."

"That can hardly be," said Allan, "but she may mend."

"Well, but follow us down," was repeated by Mr. Frankover, as he and his lady turned away. They walked across the lawn.

Mrs. Frankover was vexed at the renconter, and wished to say something rather than remain

silent, as her doing so might divert her husband's attention, who seemed concerned too much about what could at least be easily recompensed to the beggar's satisfaction. She asked who he was, and received a somewhat dry and evasive reply, that he hardly knew himself, but he supposed some one who had known him when a boy, with which she was glad to rest satisfied.

On their departure Allan sat down again, untied the string of his bag, and examined with great concern his damaged companion, whose case seemed to him almost desperate, strings and bridge broken, and even the board cracked.

"Weel," said he, "I brought her frae India. She was the only thing Sergeant Macfarlane, of our regiment, had to leave at his death, and he left her to me; and she has been comrade, comforter, money-maker to me through maist of my wanderings sin' I cam' back, and noo to be broken thus."

He was perhaps as much affected by the fate of his companion as many a one for loss of great

worldly comforts and fortune; nor perhaps without some reason, if her trembling strings could be touched with his feelings for the time, and soothe his cares and help to supply his wants, when those were gone who might perhaps have helped to do so.

After a little further examination and silent regret, the remains were returned to the bag, and he went away in the direction of the house.

CHAPTER V.

On returning home, Mr. Frankover, leaving almost untouched the dinner placed before him, retired to his library, and seemed to acknowledge, by the length of his deliberation, that the danger, of which Adamson had forewarned him, was now made evident to his own eyes. Reclining on his hand, or pacing at intervals backward and forward in the room, he revolved the whole circumstances.

One by one the past actions of his life came in close array before him, each chasing the other,

till the light of his candle grew dim and was extinguished; and he seemed to recognise the form of the late Mr. Oliphant standing before him and beckoning him to the window; so apt are deep thoughts, abstraction, and anxiety of mind to conjure up some image once bodily and tangible to which they have relation, and to endow it for the moment with a show of its former substance and reality.

He flung it off, crossed the room, looked out upon the starry sky, the old trees waving fitfully in the dewy and silent night, and heard the distant water murmuring more audibly in the general resting time of animated beings; then threw up the window and stepped out, that the air of heaven might cool his feverish blood; and Mrs. Frankover, who had marked with anxiety his retirement, watched his motions, afraid to encounter, not desirous to enquire; willing, if allowed and trusted, to advise him.

He turned and re-turned over the spot with folded arms, his head bent towards the ground,

and only thought of retiring when the first streaks of morning appearing in the east told him of the lapse of time. Then he threw himself into bed, as undetermined as ever what course he should pursue; and his desponding and timid wife betook herself to repose, in the hope that sleep might dissipate the vexation under which he laboured.

Apparently, in a few hours, and by a violent exertion, he conquered his agitation: he called for Stevenson, spoke to him with kindness, regretted the injury done in passion the day before, and gave him a substantial gratuity. Allan objected to receive it, as his lady had done more than he deserved already.

"Well, I did not know it, but you may take this too; and I shall desire my steward to see you accommodated with a small house down in the village, where you may sit rent free, and come up occasionally to the house."

This unexpected generosity took the veteran by surprise:

"Na, na," said he, "I canna be a burden to you."

"You will be no burden; it is but a trifle."

"Weill, I may try it for a little. Mr. Oliphant wad, I daresay, ha'e done this to an auld sodger frae India like himsel'."

Frankover's countenance told him he was now treading on quicksands, and perceiving this he prepared to depart.

"I will give orders about the house in the course of the day," said Frankover as the veteran bowed and turned away.

He thought it strange so much sudden kindness should be shown by one of whose grasping and unhesitating character he had heard so much since he came home; but he trudged away down to the village, and soon found some old companions to whom he related his good fortune, who also thought it strange; for Mr. Frankover had never indulged them with any delay in payment of their rents; and if they wished to remain in their humble habitations,

punctuality, which becomes so difficult by the general thoughtlessness and improvidence of the poorer classes, was with him an inevitable condition.

Mr. Frankover wrote to Adamson of Stevenson's unexpected appearance, and the mode in which, for the present, he had disposed of him; and promised to be in Edinburgh to see him before Mr. Princeton's trial.

That gentleman had for the present so much to do with his own affairs that Mr. Oliphant's made no progress. "I cannot," he said to the young gentleman, "while cooped up here do anything; but if I am acquitted I will then enter upon the matter with energy; for Mr. Frankover's conduct in relation to yourself, and even to me, gives room for grave suspicions, the foundation of which I will endeavour to reach."

While Mr. Princeton was one day walking in the court of the prison, he was surprised to meet Mr. Quivox. He was also, like Mr. Princeton, a prisoner, having forgotten, in his concern for

the public good, and devising plans for diminishing national burdens, to attend to his own individual affairs; and the creditor who was unable to recover his costs, on the occasion of the lecture to Lord Lyndale's tenants, had now been successful in securing his person, where he had abundance of leisure for scientific meditation. He at once recognised Mr. Princeton, though that gentleman was desirous to escape a repetition of dogmatisms in his favorite science which he clearly foresaw, and with which the Convention afforded him several opportunities of being well acquainted.

Mr. Quivox recollected only the victory which he assumed was achieved over Mr. Princeton at Lord Lyndale's, and addressed him with an expression of a hope that his detention would be short and an acquittal certain. Mr. Princeton naturally enquired how Mr. Quivox had fallen into the hands of the law advisers of Government; to which he answered, with some confusion, that he was there on a private account, at the suit of a

scoundrel, and under an unjust judgment for what was not due.

"But," he continued, "we will forget individual accidents, and elevate our minds to general and important objects."

In vain did Mr. Princeton represent his incapacity to enter upon questions of economy by the near approach of his trial, quite sufficient of itself to engross his whole thoughts.

Mr. Quivox, neither deterred by this nor by the seeming contradiction which his own difficulties gave to all his theories, at once launched into the *mare magnum* of finance, public funds, the national debt, subjects of taxation, compound interest; and persisted for two hours to inflict his peculiar views, and the same opinions which led to his victory at Lord Lyndale's upon his resigned and patient fellow prisoner. At last the jailer, to the infinite satisfaction of Princeton, relieved him by saying that the time allowed for recreation was expired.

"Well," said the Economist, "we will take

the rest to-morrow, and I will conclude those views for which I shall yet be hailed as the saviour of my country."

Mr. Princeton resolved if possible to avoid the continuation which was thus promised, even at the expense of his own comfort and recreation, by abridging the ordinary time of exercise.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. McKitterick, of Kitterick Castle, was allowed to leave prison almost immediately, as it was seen the offence of laughing at Pompwell and his volunteers was too trifling to admit even of excuse for detaining him; and he resumed his duties in the Convention. But his language there, more violent than before, now attracted notice. To some quiet hints of the danger to which he was exposing himself he turned a deaf ear; he had promised the assistance of his countrymen, and had volunteered to

bring the societies in Ireland into a union with the Convention, and he meant to fulfil his promise.

In consequence he was apprehended one evening as he was leaving the hall, and brought up for examination sometime after Mr. Princeton. His answers were little satisfactory; but he was dismissed with an admonition, that, though a stranger, he was still answerable for any infringement of the laws of the country, and was not to consider his ignorance of them, or his own insignificance, any security from punishment.

"By Heavens!" said he, "I will call that fellow who examined me to account for his impertinence."

He accordingly engaged a friend for the occasion, and sent a hostile message to Pompwell, who was thunderstruck at his audacity. Mr. McKitterick was again immediately apprehended for this daring breach of the laws, and unparalleled insult to such a man as Pompwell; and as

he persisted in his demand for satisfaction, and would retract nothing, nor make the least apology, a warrant was issued to commit him to prison to be tried for the offence of sending a challenge.

"In Ireland," said he, as the warrant was being prepared, "this would have been settled differently; for when would a gentleman there have refused another satisfaction, to whom he had given some little occasion for grumbling. They are a thousand years behind us in this cursed cold country."

A scornful smile was the only rejoinder to this sally; and he was removed, and an injunction given to keep him from pen and ink, and cool his courage with prison diet and discipline.

Mr. McKitterick had not been above a day or two in this unpleasant state of restraint, which to a man of his active turn was particularly irksome, till he met Mr. Princeton, and thus had the consolation of a listener, whom he

at once overwhelmed with the recital of his injuries, and astonished by the threats of vengeance he would take on those who had used him in so uncivil a manner. It was in vain that Princeton tried to convince him that a man in the exercise of a public duty was not answerable to a private individual for the mode in which he discharged it.

"I will teach the cowardly spalpeen," he said in answer, "not to maltreat a united Irishman, if I should have to seek him at the ends of the earth. That fellow now, by Jasus, pretends to be a colonel; but what officer would have refused an honorable and civil invitation. I shall astonish my friends in Ireland by the very fact, if they will believe me at all."

Mr. Princeton felt a little for Mr. McKitterick, as he had embarked in the cause in the Convention without any other object than a desire to assist that body in its views and from pure love, and had neglected his estate; he therefore supplied in the meantime what pecu-

niary aid was necessary, and Mr. McKitterick, upon whom kindness was not thrown away, told him he was the only man he had met with who deserved the name of a friend since he had left ould Ireland.

"I see," he added, "that fellow here with us, Mr. Quivox. The conceited animal has passed me as if we had never met, though he bored me with his gabble the moment I landed in this wretched country. But I'll out the quack, and expose his pretended science when I get to Dublin."

Mr. Princeton, not contented with what had been done, made such a representation, through a friend, on Mr. McKitterick's behalf, that a consent was extracted from Pompwell to liberate him if he would leave the country.

"Laive it!" he said, when told by Princeton that compliance with this condition was all that was necessary, "I will laive it with pleasure. I wish I had never seen it but for you alone;

but I must bate the fellow first who put me here."

This, he was told by Mr. Princeton could not be thought of; indeed, that he had no chance of liberation but on acceding to the condition, and a risk of a conviction against him besides; and at last Mr. McKitterick, heartily tired of the confinement, gave his consent. Pompwell, who was annoyed by so troublesome and unusual a delinquent, was glad to be quit of him on almost any terms; as he foresaw, besides, neither honor nor credit in whatever victory could be obtained over him.

Early one morning Mr. McKitterick, who had at length subscribed to the conditions, with a mental reservation if Pompwell should ever show his ugly face in Ireland, was informed he might depart, and make the best of his way home; and after vowing everlasting friendship for Mr. Princeton, who again assisted with his purse to relieve him from another temporary embarrassment, that might have rendered the Pompwell

conditions impossible, he turned his back on Edinburgh, and returned to Dublin, to dilate on the cowardice of Scotch volunteer Colonels, and the slavery under which that people groaned.

CHAPTER VII.

By directions of Pompwell, the hours of recreation allowed in the prison to political offenders were so arranged, that notwithstanding their natural desire, none of them could hold personal oommunication; and they were indebted to Henderson and Elphinstone, for the expression of friendship or sympathy of any one of them reaching the others, and for many friendly offices besides.

A relaxation of the rule, so far as Princeton and Arnold were concerned was ultimately made,

and they were able to converse during an hour of each day.

To the surprise of both a lecture was proposed to be given by Mr. Quivox to his fellow-prisoners; and as the hour suited, curiosity induced them to attend. At the time appointed the Economist appeared,—spectacles on nose, a roll of paper in his hand,—and seated himself in an elevated chair, where he was soon surrounded by a motley crowd of men and boys of different ages, and various degrees of debt, or guilt, or crime.

Most of them were attracted by the same feeling of curiosity as Princeton and Arnold, and also by a love of excitement of any kind, of which Mr. Quivox seemed to hold out some promise by the novelty of the place chosen for his discourse.

The Economist began in his usual lofty, and to them almost unintelligible style (but he would not omit it), by telling his audience that his science was the most comprehensive of all, though it abstained from the affairs of another world,

which he left to theologians; as it embraced all arts, laws, and inferior sciences within itself, or rather these were but accidents of his, in which whoever was proficient required no other learning whatever.

On this occasion he meant to touch only on a single one in the vast range of its subjects, that of emigration, for it came directly home to his hearers, many of whom had immediate prospects of leaving their country.

"The first duty of emigrants or colonists," he proceeded, "is to secure a sufficient and influential leader; and if men of rank were animated with a love of their countrymen and a patriotic spirit, this should never be difficult. The greatest, the most wealthy men in the nation, or their sons, instead of idling their time at home should be incessantly engaged in organizing bands of colonists: and Government should supply them with ships, such as these huge men-of-war ships, which could scarcely be turned to better use than to convey the colonists. Were

this plan followed we should never see a superabundance of labour, nor our men and women degraded and in misery; for our colonies can receive any number; and respect would attend the various enterprising leaders, as was the case in the numerous colonies which ancient Rome sent out from a still increasing population.

"As to you, my friends, you have not access to the great and wealthy, and worth makes its way slowly, and most so in high places, and you must choose a leader for yourselves. If he be not a wealthy or powerful man, that is not so important to you, for you will generally have the means of conveyance and of support from your country, and so far you may be considered a distinct and favoured class of emigrants. Your only concern, then, is to secure a leader who will watch over your interests, and put you in the best way of improving your condition, when you arrive at the other side of the ocean. Your own experience of one another will, I am sure, enable you, after a little friendly communication,

to make a just selection; and if you were to proceed to it as early as possible, you will then, having a head, be enabled to adjust the details requiring to be settled before you begin the expedition.

"But it is essential you should have free access to one another at all hours to remove any differences of opinion upon so important a matter as the choice of a leader; and this, I am sure, the keepers, who I see present, will most gladly permit."

They had hitherto listened in amazement at the singular address, and though the crowd paid little attention in the first instance, yet the ideas of Mr. Quivox at length caught their mind. One or two, when they heard the last sentence, smiled or winked at each other; another thrust his tongue in his cheek; a third ventured to praise old Solomon, as having a good view of what they wanted.

Mr. Quivox having drawn breath, was about to go on to their duties in the colonies,

when one of the keepers interposed, and told the lecturer that there could be no leaders chosen there, for all were under his command. Mr. Quivox laid down his spectacles, designing to reply when the keeper had done, and they were immediately stolen by one who stood near, and on searching for his handkerchief he found it was gone also. This produced some confusion; the turnkey proclaimed the lecture at an end, and the meeting dissolved, and as the hour for exercise was run, they must all return to their cells.

The uncertain look of the mixed assemblage had become a source of uneasiness to the jailers, who expected a lecture on some religious or moral subject, which old Jacob Bolt, the turnkey, said would do them good, "for they heard gude advice but seldom, or they wad na be here."

The prisoners stood still, and did not seem inclined to obey; whispers were exchanged, and at last a ruffian, who was there on a charge of assault and robbery, started forth, and said

he would follow the honest gentleman's advice, and would propose himself.

"The very man we want," cried another.

"He's chosen," said a third; and all assented with shouts..

The leader was not slow of bringing his troops into action. He rushed on one of the jailers, who was endeavouring to prevail on the Economist and some of his audience to retire, and knocked him down, while Mr. Quivox was rolled over in the *melée*, and deprived of his watch by an expert hand, besides receiving some bruises from those who fell or stepped over him, whose whole fury was directed against the keepers, three of whom were struck down and injured, though not without a return of favors of a like kind to some of the assailants. Jacob Bolt retired within an iron gate next the outer door, which having secured, he stood and looked on, while the prisoners threatened him.

As they soon discovered this to be of no use,

the leader and one or two more searched about, found a ladder, mounted on the outer wall at a place away from the thoroughfare and escaped for the time.

Princeton and Arnold at a distance listened to the singular suggestions made by Mr. Quivox to his audience, with no suspicion of the result which was to follow; but when all around seemed alive to the chance of escape, which so unexpectedly presented itself, Arnold determined to make an attempt to obtain his freedom and Mr. Princeton did not dissuade him, a stranger, having nothing in the country which could be laid hold of as a security for his appearance.

They shook hands with great affection, and in the meantime bade each other farewell. Arnold was yet in time to follow in the train of those getting over the wall after the leader, who had shown such a ready application of Mr. Quivox's suggestion.

Each jostled his neighbour, swore at his slow-

ness, or pushed the hesitating aside, or knocked them down.

Arnold, always cool and collected, was ready to take advantage of these qualities so useful in a struggle, and soon found his way across the wall, and thence descending into one of the narrow streets escaped through a close and reached the High street, appearing so little alarmed by his situation that no observation was made by the crowds that pressed along, each man too intent on his own affairs to be affected by anything not extraordinary.

But as fortune would have it, Mr. Dobie came directly in his way, and noticing him made a full stop. He knew Arnold had been apprehended, and was also aware that he was immediately to be tried, as he was to appear as a witness. What to think of his sudden liberation Dobie knew not, but concluded he might be out on bail; and both felt it difficult to pass each other without recognition. Mr. Dobie, like Judas, hastened forward and congratulated Arnold with

apparent goodwill upon his liberation, which he assumed was in the meantime, and had been somewhat sudden.

This was not contradicted by Arnold, who allowed him the full merit of his ingenious conjecture.

"You are aware, Mr. Arnold, that the Convention has been dissolved by the government, and guards placed through the town."

Arnold replied that he understood so generally; but that was a stretch of arbitrary power, which would not long be submitted to.

"In the meantime," he continued, "I am under a pressing engagement, and you will excuse me at present."

In fact he observed that the crowd of passengers began to lessen and numbers were standing still, apparently in conversation on something that had occurred, which he at once surmised could only be the breaking of the prison.

Presently, as if to confirm this, a strong body of military appeared proceeding at a quick step,

and constables on the alert passed through the crowd observing every one.

"Good bye, Mr. Dobie," said Arnold, "I shall be glad to see you at another time."

So saying he left him and passed quickly down a close, and had not gone far till he perceived he was pursued, for Dobie almost immediately learned the whole circumstances, and in his true character, without excusing himself even to his own conscience, such was his dislike of Arnold, informed one of the constables that a prisoner had just spoken with him, and could not have gone many yards.

Arnold went in to the first court he came to, and crossing it passed through a low-browed entry from which a flight of steps descended as if into the bowels of the earth. He had not gone down many steps till from the broken stair he staggered and fell into a vault among a heap of ruins. There he lay and heard some of his pursuers on the stair assuring one another he could

not have gone down unless he sought instant death.

In fact he was a good deal bruised by the fall, but his sense of suffering was for the present deadened by the risk of being discovered. He lay still and only feared his pursuers might bring lights and peer into the dungeon; till solitude resuming her sway, and the darkness seeming to render him secure from present detection, he still cherished the hope of escape by remaining an hour or two, when the search made on the first news of the outbreak should have time to expend itself, on some even less fortunate than himself.

Many of those who did escape lost their presence of mind so entirely as to run directly into the arms of their pursuers, as he had nearly done himself, from a foolhardy resolution to go to Mr. Henderson, while a few, more prudent, hid themselves as speedily as possible, rightly concluding that their safety lay in disappearing altogether.

As he stood intent to catch any sound, from

whatever quarter it might come, he heard steps approach in an opposite direction. Immediately after a door was opened, and as that was doing he drew himself under the stair and lay concealed from observation. The men who entered had a lamp, and carried several barrels into the vault; while their conversation principally ran upon the wonderful outbreak in the prison. Their work done, they withdrew and locked the door behind them. Several times Arnold felt inclined to emerge from his hiding-place and trust himself to them; till he heard one incidentally say that a large reward was offered for the apprehension of any of those who had escaped, and he thought it but too probable the men would prefer it to assisting a stranger in trouble.

He now saw a mode of exit if he could find any means of forcing the lock, which made him in some degree more patient, and as his eyes got accustomed to the place he began to perceive the objects on the floor, the blackened walls, the arched and high roof of the vault, and

by degrees was able to walk across the floor and examine both the door and lock, and also obtain a glimpse of the height of the broken stair, from a step of which he had fallen. After various attempts he found it impossible to force the lock, and sat down to consider if any other means of getting away remained. Almost immediately after a light appeared on the stair, and steps were heard by him of persons descending. He betook himself to his former hiding-place: and well it was, as a moment afterwards a torch, thrust down into the broken entrance on that side, illuminated the whole place.

"What see you, Thomas?" said a magistrate, who was standing above.

"Oh! naething but barrels and auld wa's. There is no creature there, as I think."

"Make sure; carry the torch all round."

The constable did so and reported as before, with the addition that if any one had come down there, he must have been lying dead or wounded on the floor, from the height of the stair. The

magistrate was satisfied; the light was withdrawn, and Arnold was left alone to brood over the dangers of his situation.

It occurred to him that if he could move one or two of the barrels and place one on the other he might possibly be able to reach the stair; and with much toil, he succeeded in rolling forward and setting one of them on end; but it was greatly too short. He then searched out the smallest of them, and by an extraordinary exertion of strength placed it on the other. Standing on this he found by the faint light of the morning, which begun to come in, that he might attempt the leap; he ventured, and being young and active, was successful. He stood for a short time to recover himself, and then cautiously wended his way up to the silent and deserted court.

The morning was stormy, and rain falling; but a brightness in the east penetrated the cold grey courts and closes, so uncomfortable in the chillness of dawn, bringing over all the earth the

change which is watched for wearily by the sick and sleepless, which would be put back by the toil-worn, which causes the heart to beat quicker in the breasts of those about to fight and to die. The stillness and deserted aspect of the resting city made Arnold aware how difficult it would be to avoid observation, while to reach Henderson's house seemed almost impossible. Ere he was aware, he almost stumbled against a soldier, who, muffled in his grey coat, and leaning on his musket, stood in a doorway for shelter from the rain. A detachment of infantry had been brought down from the castle immediately on the outbreak, to overawe the turbulent, and had been relieved once or twice. Arnold, instantly aware of the danger he was in, before the soldier could seize him, though he called on him to stand, withdrew within an entry, and by a flight of steps with which he was familiar, expected to get clear, but found himself intercepted by a guard of police at the avenue, who were likely to be more on the alert than even the military.

In this extremity he went up the first stair at hand, and at a high landing place perceived that the inmates of one of the houses, though thus early, were astir, from a light which shone through a single pane looking into the stair. He knocked, and an aged woman showed herself at the window with the querulous demand of—

"Wha's there at sic an hour?"

Arnold returned no answer, but motioned silence by placing his finger on his lips.

Old Janet Stewart, the tenant of this starry mansion, was not ignorant from her observations at the front windows, which looked into the High Street, that there had been violence and tumult afoot on the previous night, and conjecturing this might be one whose safety was compromised, moved possibly also by that sudden inspiration of security drawn from Arnold's appearance, whether of face, or person, or manner, but safe at least in her poverty, and in freedom from all guile, opened the door gently and admitted him.

"Softly noo," she said, "softly noo; these auld boards wad shew a heavier fit to the folk in the flat doon below. There sit doon, and tell me wha ye are, and what ye do here, and just noo."

CHAPTER VIII.

In the course of the day a strict enquiry was instituted into the extraordinary events which had occurred at the prison. All the keepers were but too anxious to exculpate themselves from what appeared a gross neglect of care and discipline in the performance of their duty, and unanimously joined in the impeachment of Mr. Quivox, whose grave and respectable appearance they said promised a discourse which might have done much good to the prisoners.

He was hardly recovered from the damage

done to his person amidst the dangers of the previous day, and was lying awake in bed, busied in contemplation of a plan which had suddenly occurred to him for rendering jails unnecessary, and thus saving a large sum of money to the public, while indirectly benefitting those who were now obliged to enter them. These meditations were somewhat rudely interrupted by the entrance of one of the jailers, who, with little ceremony, informed him he must instantly dress and appear before the magistrates, who were now on a visit to the prison, and engaged in an enquiry into the occurrences of the day before.

"I am glad of it," said Mr. Quivox, "for I shall thus have an opportunity of enlightening them, and in the best of all places, on the subject of jails generally. Do you know, Mr. ——, I forget your name, but it is not of consequence; I have discovered a plan for doing away with jails altogether."

The turnkey, who was about to depart, stopped, and said with solemnity:

"Your plan, sir, I suppose will be to give lectures as you did yesterday; but if you can lecture the bailies into your views, you will do more than I can or all of us, for they are in a very bad humour."

"I will make all right," said the Economist; "it is most fortunate they are here. Tell them I will be their humble servant presently. I could have wished them to come hither, to save me the trouble of dressing, as the whole of my plan could have been explained best from this bed where it was begotten. It has occupied my thoughts these three hours; and I am now quite prepared to disclose to them the whole of my views."

"Well, Sir," said the turnkey, "remember I delivered the message; and unless you obey, you may find your view confined to a narrower room than this."

Which ominous hint was not entirely lost on Mr. Quivox, who proceeded to dress with as much expedition as his corpulence admitted;

and soon was seen issuing from the inner gate into the area, where the magistrates stood, one of whom immediately addressed him.

"It seems to us most extraordinary, Sir, that a gentleman of your years and experience of the world should have advised a set of criminals to organize a system of governing themselves within the walls of a prison, where all for the time lose their liberty, and are debarred from most of those acts or indulgences they may have fallen upon outside of these walls."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Quivox in answer, "my advice was not given with reference to their acts here or abode in this place, but for their benefit in the new course of life and the new scenes they were about to enter on."

"What, Sir!" returned the magistrate, "do you mean to say that the evidence of the turnkeys is all false, and that you gave no advice to the prisoners."

"I gave them advice," said Mr. Quivox, "and very good advice, to prepare themselves

by a proper system and by regulations for observing order and command, that they might become accustomed to obtain the full benefit of these in another quarter of the world; for all of them had been too much without checks and duties, and hence the difficulties into which many had got. They were recommended by me to begin their organization in prison, but not to put it in active operation till they got out."

"Mr. Quivox, you have had scholars apt to understand one part of your advice, and to act on it afterwards at the time that pleased themselves."

"That," said Mr. Quivox, "was matter for regret, and I have had reasons in my own person and pocket for knowing that they proceeded to action too early. But, gentlemen, to pass from this affair, which is of no great consequence, I wish to disclose to you my plan for dispensing with jails altogether, whereby a great saving of expense and of your time may be effected. If we could at once reform every vicious mem-

ber of the community, assuming, though erroneously, that crimes are the consequence of a vicious nature, rather than of poverty, the thing were done as to that part of the prisons appointed for criminals; and if we could get men to live according to their means, we might expect to be nearly as successful for the other part."

"May I ask, Sir," interposed the magistrate, "is it not for refusing payment of a debt that you are here?"

This question at once touched Mr. Quivox in a very sensible manner. "Yes, Sir," he replied, "but not a just debt—a false debt of costs in a court of law. The case was wrong decided. My tenant was debtor, and I shall explain the whole matter."

"No explanation is needed, Sir. You are here, and we must presume justly; and your plan for abolishing prisons would no doubt relieve you of the necessity of paying what is due."

"My plans, Sir," said Quivox, "are not in any instance for myself, or for any individual, but for my country. I propose to employ a number of our ships of war as prisons, whereby a vast saving might be effected. One stationed at every considerable port, dismantled, with a few men in charge, and lying at a safe distance from the shore, would be the most complete prison of any, for the sea would be its walls, and we should have no such accidents occurring at a lecture as that of yesterday. Prisons would thus be unknown in the land; and I maintain there are far more than enough of these lumbering ships to supply a floating and safe prison for every town and county of this empire, with a large reversion for the purpose of colonisation. It is the only way in which they can ever produce any return for the money expended on them."

"Mr. Quivox," said the magistrate, "we have heard enough of this. You seem to be one of those who would withdraw all protection to the people from foreign enemies."

"We have no enemies," said Quivox, "but those whom we create by our unfortunate interference with the affairs of our neighbours. Our protection is the ocean, and loving our neighbours as ourselves. And besides, Sir, all crime as well as all debt is occasioned by poverty. No man steals or gets into debt for the pleasure of doing so, but because his necessities in a considerable degree compel him. It is a ridiculous and hypocritical falsehood to say that crime and debt are occasioned by intemperance, or by idleness. The poor cannot be idle or intemperate, except at an occasional time; if they be, gaunt poverty seizes and chills them into sobriety. And yet we hear men from the bench declaiming hypocritically against the intemperance of the poor as the cause of their crimes, when it is palpable these crimes are in almost every instance imputable to the grinding poverty of the crowds of men, women, and children in a densely peopled country; a poverty which first forces them into vice and crime, after which society leaves their

care to courts of law and prisons; all of which sink, and debase, and harden the souls of the criminals, and effect nothing that is good. But the lawyers get their pay, and the work goes bonnily on. Ah! if I had my system in operation—and I do not despair—education should not, as now it is, be confined to learning words, but would teach the use of hands and understanding; and the taxes and revenues of this country should be employed in reducing the number of the poor by sending them where their hands, practised by a national and rational education in youth, could be turned to their personal comfort and prosperity. These are the antidotes to crime—the only real antidotes. There will be no crime if there is no poverty. The rich are never in courts or prisons as criminals. But reductions must be made that the nation may apply its revenues to the real work I have pointed out; and when that is going on, we shall neither have these dungeons in our land nor the temporary expedient of the ships,

which I only adopt and recommend intermediately."

Mr. Quixox here paused, rather for want of breath than want of matter. Most of those around smiled in contempt of such novel and strange views as the Economist propounded, while one or two had a suspicion some truth lay mixed up with his extravagances. But the Magistrate who had before addressed him said—

"Sir, we have tolerated all this, and in some degree I am glad of it, because we have discovered that you are one of those unfortunates, who rather deserve compassion than punishment. At first I meant to have suggested a closer confinement for you, but it is plain you are an incorrigible enthusiast who should just be allowed to throw about his arms in vacancy as you have been doing Gentlemen, we may now leave this place, as it is clear there has been no premeditated attempt at prison breaking; and the whole has happened through the too great easiness of

the keepers, who, being now warned, will beware of this man for the future."

Mr. Quivox was not disconcerted by the contemptuous manner of his treatment; he was, through his love of science, a Socrates in respect of patience and forgiveness, and he was also pleased with the general outline he had drawn of a clear mode of diminishing crime and jails, and restoring health to the diseased society in which he lived. Mentally he resolved to fill up the details of his plan as early as as other points of his science permitted.

When, therefore, a grey headed and grimly smiling turnkey approached to lead him off, he turned with the docility of a bear taught to move by the nod or eye of his keeper, and stalked off to his cell.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Arnold had sufficiently recruited himself by a few hours repose, he sent a note to Mr. Henderson, who was in great alarm for his safety, having been acquainted with his escape and subsequent recognition. He immediately came to Mrs. Stewart's, and it was with the highest satisfaction that they met and embraced. Henderson burst into a fit of laughter on hearing the advice of Mr. Quivox to the prisoners, approved of Arnold's taking advantage of the opportunity afforded him to get away, as he said he was con-

vinced there would be no chance of a fair trial; and was astonished at the accident which enabled him to elude Dobie and those that pursued him.

There was still, he said, a search making through all inns and lodging-houses, and Mrs. Stewart, who heard the remark, suggested to Mr. Henderson that he might himself be the means of causing a search of her house unless he was more cautious:—"Gif ye be kenned, as Mr. Arnold's freen, they'll guess yere gaun to see him and follow."

Arnold thanked her, and Henderson promised to be more cautious, and come at night by different routes.

"But," said Arnold, "the sooner I leave the better, and if the vigilance of those in search were abated I might find a vessel at Leith."

Henderson concurred and promised to make enquiries if there was any soon to sail for London or Hull.

"I must inform you," he continued, "though perhaps you have heard it already, that the Con-

vention has been completely put down, and a prohibition issued against any future meetings, so that you can leave with the knowledge that you have done as much, and incurred no less danger than any that were engaged, though your objects have not been attained."

"They will yet be attained," said Arnold; "the mere putting down of opinion by force may stifle its expression for a little, but men have been aroused and begun to reflect; there may be delay, but it will end in a final victory and triumph to the cause in which we have been engaged."

They separated, and Henderson had not been long gone when a knock was heard at the door, on which Arnold retired to his hiding place, nor without cause. The knocking became louder, and at last Mrs. Stewart looked out of the window in the stair, by which she saved herself trouble, and enquired what was wanted.

"Are you deaf, old woman; who is lodging with you?"

"I'm no that auld; but deaf I may be. There's nae body staying wi' me the noo."

"Then open the door, for we must see as well as hear; if there is no one, our search will be the easier, and the better it will be for you."

As she could find no excuse, and delay would beget suspicion, she opened the door, and the officers entered, growling at being kept standing when on duty. Arnold heard them search, opening doors and looking into corners, while Mrs. Stewart was threatening them with a complaint to the baillies, for frightening a lone widow, "wi' none to help her." He felt not a little uncomfortable when the men came into the room and struck in passing the place which concealed him. The old wainscot did not betray him, and gave no sound that could tell there was a recess inside, where he stood motionless, and almost breathless, as they stopped and talked; one of them for a little leaning against the very boards behind which he stood.

"Old woman, do you know anything of one Arnold, an Englishman?"

"Me ken him! What is he, and what has he done?"

"Oh, Tom! what use in questioning like a lawyer, this old beldam."

Mrs. Stewart was on the watch, and overheard, and with the usual tact of the sex turned this to advantage.

"Get out of my house this moment. Beldam! wha' gied you the richt to ca' an honest woman sae. A pair o' idle fou' fed worthless beagles, wi' naething to do, but poind and distress puir folk; be off wi' you!"

The men laughed heartily at her rage, their suspicions were diverted, farther search seemed needless, and they hastened down stairs out of the reach of her eloquence.

She carefully secured the door, and Arnold issued from his hiding place, and expressed much gratitude for Mrs. Stewart's kindness, who on her part was proud of her success on so critical a time and occasion.

In a day or two Henderson found a vessel about to sail for London, and came with the information to Arnold who was rejoiced at the intelligence, and proposed to depart next morning.

He rose early, bid a kind adieu to Mrs. Stewart, and accompanied his acknowledgment with a gift she did not expect, and said was far too much. He got down to Leithwynd and reached the walk which leads to the port, where Henderson had promised to join him and bid him farewell.

But carefully as all was done, and as he was hugging himself on his management, and even so early, he was observed as he entered the wynd, and followed; and he had hardly shaken hands on the pier with Henderson, when they perceived two suspicious men walking towards the place where they were standing.

The vessel had just been unmoored, and the seamen were gently moving her away from the pier, when Arnold jumped on board. He

felt the necessity of interesting the sailors and informed them that two lawyers were in chase of him and unless for their assistance he must be taken.

"Lawyers!" said a seaman; "we are off; but I wish to heaven they would follow, or we had them on board. They should swim ashore or go to the bottom;" a remark approved by one and all, with many expressions of hatred of landsharks, a species of fish that Jack falls in with, whatever harbour he enters, in consequence of his free and easy rollicking behaviour and conversation. The men on coming nearer called to those on board to delay a little and send a boat, as a suspected person was with them Some of the sailors were for sending the boat and ducking them; but the captain made no answer and commanded silence, while the vessel gradually wore off, and dropped down the harbour.

A boat was in a little seen following, but when she came alongside those in her were requested to keep off. Arnold meantime had

gone below, and soon from the heaving of the ship found she was scudding along with a favourable breeze He then ventured on deck, and looked around with pleasure. The sun had risen, throwing his light along the Lothian coast and fields, silvering the firth, touching the lofty castle and old town, as in majesty they stand out against the sky. Full of life and joy, escaped from confinement, leaving danger behind, he trod the deck with elastic step, while the little ship, under a crowd of sail, with a fair wind, stood away towards the mouth of the firth.

CHAPTER X.

No countenance, as was formerly observed, did Mr. Princeton receive from men of his own rank in the country; all were servilely devoted to the ministers of the day, or bigoted opponents of the rights of the people; and thus prejudiced against him as their advocate, treating his views with scorn or hatred, as dangerous to the upper classes of society, and in principle revolutionary.

The judges who were to preside at his trial, were biased in the same direction, and believed

all alterations of the existing constitution in church and state were full of danger to the stability of government and the well-being of society.

These apprehensions or fears were not entirely without foundation, and seemed to be receiving confirmation by every fresh report that reached this country from France. Insensibly, therefore, they found their way downwards to the middle ranks, so that there was reason to suspect they might pre-occupy the minds of any jury who should try the cause.

When the names of the jurors were called over on the day of the trial, several challenges were made by Oldenlaw, contrary to Mr. Princeton's wishes, who desired to rest entirely upon the justice and constitutional character of his opinions, and the general fairness and openness of his speeches; but Oldenlaw knew mankind better; how weak they often are under excitement, how liable to influence from secret quarters. He took his own way, and thought he had secured an impartial jury.

But he could not conceal from himself the danger with which his client was threatened from the opinions entertained on the bench. The president had expressed himself in favor of violent remedies for the popular fever, such as bloodletting. A great lawyer he was, to use a common form of language; that is, he was well skilled in the technicalities of the feudal system, and its application to the tenure of real property, in which abstruse and recondite study he had been exercised so long that he acquired, as a man will do who makes pins, or buttons, or breeches, an extraordinary proficiency, which he assumed, with the usual pedantic conceit of his profession, and in the same style as Mr. Quivox himself, came in place of all other knowledge whatever; gifted by nature with intellect and some dry humour, hard hearted as a stone,

σιδηρόφρων τε κάκ πέτρας εἰργασμένος

by the judicial omnipotence of the position he held, and the servility of those who were com-

pelled to plead before him, submit to his vulgarity and smile at his jokes, generally as coarse as the situation of the judicial wit was elevated.

Pompwell opened his case against Mr. Princeton with a violent attack on revolutions and popular movements, especially those of France; with praise of the precautions taken against the spread of republican doctrines in this country; lamenting that a gentleman of property and education could be found to advise his countrymen to imitate the example of their neighbours, who were living in a state of confusion, anarchy, and bloodshed, and in the pursuit of unattainable and visionary objects. Reform he maintained to be unnecessary, as the British constitution was the best in the world, nor was it possible to imagine a better. The accused, therefore, who had excited men to overthrow it, and deluded the ignorant in assemblages or conventions, to join in his projects, was a demagogue of the most dangerous character; his seditious words and their evil

efforts would be proved, and the jury would have no difficulty in convicting him.

A number of witnesses were examined to prove Mr. Princeton's language at the meetings of the Convention, and its objects, and amongst the rest Mr. Frankover. He was strictly cross-examined by Oldenlaw on his motives for being present at these meetings, as he neither belonged to the city, nor had been known to take any interest in political questions. He answered that he attended merely out of curiosity, but admitted that he had taken notes of the speech of no other gentleman except Princeton, and after some parrying confessed that he communicated the information upon which the warrant had been issued, and his acquaintance with Adamson who executed it, a subject on which he seemed peculiarly sensitive.

Oldenlaw saw he had an advantage, and in his address to the jury told them that the motives of Mr. Frankover's conduct were hidden from the eyes of man, but in some way he was in-

terested in obtaining a conviction, and was not an impartial witness. For his own part, he continued, he did not any more than his client see anything wrong in meetings to comment upon public affairs, or in demands for redress of what were considered by any part of the community as grievances.

The British constitution, he said, was viewed in a different light in the other end of the island; it had fallen somewhat behind the intelligence of the age, and like other rusty instruments required to be cleaned and polished. If this effect could be produced by discussion and representation, it was the privilege of every man in Britain to use the means, and the jury would not be led away by imaginary fears of the danger of French example.

"My learned friend," he concluded, "may, like Cæsar, be fitted to shine in the field, or the senate, or may delight to be found like the warlike ecclesiastics of feudal times, departing from their calling to lead their warriors against the

enemy; and his tastes in this way may make him suspect every one that is not as anti-gallic as himself; but you, gentlemen, will apply a sober judgment to the facts, and if you do, I am certain you will find my client, whom I have the privilege of calling my friend, has not incited in any of his speeches, a single man to violent or even unnecessary measures, nor even passed the bounds of temperate discussion."

The presiding judge, as was anticipated, charged the jury strongly against Mr. Princeton, but the law of sedition being without the range of his narrow education, his charge consisted of truisms and similar declamations to Pompwell's, upon the excellencies of the British Constitution, and the insanity of those who thought it was capable of being improved, or those who would stir up a rabble to interfere with political questions, which they could not understand, but might be seduced to accompany their interference with violence which would be treason.

The jury retired and were long absent; but at

length returned into court with a verdict of not guilty, to the astonishment and mortification of the judges and Pompwell, and the unbounded delight of the crowd in the court.

The people gathered round Princeton when he came to the street, and escorted him with acclamations to his hotel, where he thanked them for their sympathy. They felt that the peril of that day had in his person been undertaken for them, and boldly and manfully encountered for their behalf, and that the victory had done more to secure freedom of opinion and discussion in Scotland, than anything since the times of the old reformers, who dared to lift up their voices in the midst of danger, in favor of religious freedom and reformation.

It was late at night before the trial was ended. During the whole time, Mr. Frankover in a retired part of the court, awaited the result with an interest scarcely less than the immediate parties.

He hurried away on hearing the verdict, got

into the crowd, cheering the man whom he had done all in his power to injure; with whom he now felt a new and dangerous contest must arise in regard to Mr. Oliphant's affairs, and of whom he had seen enough to know that what he undertook would be proceeded with, if he were freed from the crown prosecution.

Long he paced the street, silent and deserted as it soon became, ere he retired, suffering some portion of that despair that wrung Charles Oliphant's father so intensely in the issue of his cause.

His judgment gradually triumphed over what he conceived might still be superstitious and vain fears, while yet the battle was not lost, and indeed might be considered by a brave man hardly begun.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN a nation has struggled long and doubtfully, but at last successfully, for freedom of conscience, it relapses into security, as if everything was gained, making no provision for political freedom, and assuming that if the mind is unfettered in sacred things it will be so in things civil or political. So it was in Scotland after the Reformation, nor have these other countries, from which Luther's reformation spread, any more to show to this hour.

The system of election and representation, as explained by Henderson to Arnold, will have shewn that the political freedom of England had not been extended to Scotland, and existed there only in name, and may assist in understanding the opposite and seemingly inconsistent verdict of a Jury of his countrymen in the case of Mr. Mitchell. It may be well to remember that the struggle for freedom in England under the Stuarts was purely political, and hence, no doubt, in part, the different condition of the two countries.

Mr. Mitchell's trial followed the other in a day or two. Pompwell determined to use his utmost exertions to obtain a verdict against him, having been both disappointed and exasperated by the acquittal of a person of such note as Princeton. It was in vain Mr. Mitchell was advised to accept the assistance of Oldenlaw, who was willing to afford him all the assistance of his talents, proved in some degree to be useful by the result of Mr. Princeton's trial; he only

replied that his confidence was in his cause, and not in the eloquence of a hired tongue; and he was fearless of the result whatever it might be.

He prepared himself for the occasion with more than his usual attention to neatness of appearance, and might have been taken for some gentleman of an earlier period of the century about to attend an assembly; and his very elegant form was set off by that dress to the best advantage, while his open and unembarrassed countenance conciliated and predisposed the spectators to regard him at first sight with favor. And that was the effect indeed the moment he appeared at the bar

He declined all challenging of jurymen. The evidence against him consisted partly of conversations with humble persons in the neighbourhood of his estate, during temporary residence in the country, to whom he had explained his views on the French Revolution, the necessity of reform of the House of Commons, and similar subjects,

with recommendations of authors favorable to popular rights; but principally of the opinions expressed by him in the Convention, or measures there proposed by him, and his own declarations before commitment.

He denied none of them, nor attempted to adduce any evidence which should neutralize their effect. On the contrary, he manifestly gloried in all he had said and done, and concluded his address by telling the jury that his principles were the same for which their ancestors had fought successfully,—liberty of thought and of action in religion, and therefore in politics; for, the one being established, the other followed as a corollary.

"You may find me guilty of this pretended crime of sedition—a new name for an old political sin, born of kingcraft and nurtured by despotism—and I may in consequence have to endure imprisonment or banishment from my country. These I fear not; they will, if contrary to my belief, you have forgot the noble

spirit of your ancestors, be endured by me without shrinking, from a consciousness that I shall be the victim of an unjust prosecution and sentence, which the venal retainers of Government and a tyrannical court of law have instituted and sanctioned; but I am in your hands; with you will remain the stigma, if your verdict be against me, of having sacrificed your own rights and the liberties of yourselves and your children when their safety was in your hands; and if it be against me, I only pray to heaven that your consciences may not trouble you for the evil done, when regret shall be unavailing."

The audience could with difficulty restrain themselves from cheering as he concluded, and the hum and stir, the whispers or conversations were loud enough to call for the rebuke and threats of the president. Mr. Mitchell's line of defence was bold; some would have said or did say imprudent, if he had been desirous of an acquittal, on account of his own comfort and on personal grounds, wounding as

it did the vanity of men who had him in their power: but if considered with reference to the question at issue,—the right of men to meet and discuss public and political subjects and reform electoral abuses—it was a fearless protest in favour of freedom: and so he intended, and the crowded court, all but prosecutor, judges and jury, thought.

The jury believed themselves defied by Mitchell—men, several of whom were as bigoted in politics as Pompwell himself—and scarcely deemed it necessary to retire; but for a minute or two, for form's sake, they withdrew, and almost immediately returned into court with a verdict of guilty.

It was heard by Mitchell with indifference, and while the presiding judge proceeded to pass sentence of banishment, he heeded him not, but turned his eyes round on the crowd, showing that he, alone perhaps, treated all that was going on as a spectator and not a party. Yet not without some emotion did he witness the

flushed countenances and beaming eyes of the dense mass of human beings that seemed to pronounce a mute verdict of acquittal.

Mr. Princeton sat close behind him with several other friends, and when the proceedings were terminated and the prisoner about to be removed, they rose, and one after another grasped his hand, or whispered that he had done well, or even wished they could have been permitted to receive the same sentence along with him. The sympathy thus actively shown in open court, which others were preparing to continue, was offensive to the Bench, as it appeared to be a reclamation against the verdict and sentence, and an order was given to remove the prisoner.

Then the crowd gradually left the court, and in groups discussed the sentence, or applauded the conduct of Mitchell, or condemned the jury and ridiculed the judge, relieving their hearts and feelings so long under control of a tyrannical tribunal. On such occasions men are placed on an equality, where the sentiments of the poor

and felt, and listened to. But for
es and Pompwell had little regard,
ed that one prime mover in the
ı had been brought to punishment;
in a great degree of the failure in
al.

ll, as he passed through the court
the square through which in old
bold as himself had encountered
s and juries, said he was less than
persecuted assertors of liberty in
who had passed from life to death,
to the scaffold, triumphing in the
ı they shed their blood; "I am
be numbered with them."

prison again with the same imper-
ess, which he ever manifested; so
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, and was neither affected by the
any thing past, nor by the pros-
l in the future.

CHAPTER XII.

A DAY or two after Mr. Princeton's acquittal, Lord Lyndale was seated in a room of his magnificent mansion, which looked over a large range of his estate, and was well supplied with every luxury of the day. He was perusing some papers, when a tap at the door announced a visitor, and without waiting for leave, in came his daughter. Lady Emily, stepped up to him, and kissed his forehead, and was blessed by him in turn.

"Take your seat, my dear:—So Mr. Princeton is acquitted."

ɔd at it, papa."
ear, I hope, for his own sake, he
to his words and actions here-

rstand, my dear papa, it is rather
[r. Elphinstone calls it."
my love, Elphinstone and Olden-
with their part in the affair, no

ıtion was interrupted by a servant
. Elphinstone.
le received him very graciously,
th him to the library, where he
onversation he was holding with
ıus:
phinstone, your success has been
Princeton's affair."
ɔne smiled acquiescence, and added
Princeton meant to thank his
e timely warning he had given
had not seen fit to use it; and he
he was aware of Mr. Princeton's

intention, and wished his lordship not to seem ignorant of his own interference.

"But I gave him no warning, Mr. Elphinstone."

Elphinstone was stunned, and muttered something unintelligible about a mistake in understanding Mr. Princeton's words.

"Oh! you may tell him I did not give him warning, but—and I am somewhat sorry for it —my opinions—prejudices he would say—were against him. I will tell him myself."

Elphinstone saw he was in danger of equivocation, and was meditating how to escape, when at the moment the Court bell rang, and in a little Mr. Princeton's card was brought in. The servant was desired to tell him Lord Lyndale was at home.

He was ushered in, and came immediately forward to take his lordship's hand, notwithstanding the affected reserve he thought it incumbent on him to maintain.

"We have somewhat misunderstood each

other, my lord. It was kind of you; and to conceal yourself, at the time, was done with a feeling of delicacy which I fully value. My warmest thanks are due for the interest you showed in the welfare even of a political opponent."

"But, Mr. Princeton, while I congratulate you on the termination I must decline—"

"Oh! your lordship need not now conceal any thing. Elphinstone has told me all. I insisted on his doing so, that I might leave no friend, if you will permit me, without at least an expression of gratitude."

"Mr. Princeton, I am surprised—"

"Well, my lord, you may decline my recognition of your kindness, but I must persist in making it, and Elphinstone himself standing there will bear me witness."

Mr. Elphinstone looked as if he had been dragged out of his canal, so sheepish and deprecatory was the expression of countenance.

Lady Emily entered the room at this moment, totally unconscious of anyone being present but

her father and Elphinstone; and her surprise and change of countenance were violent, as Lord Lyndale said, "my daughter, Mr. Princeton."

It was a diversion of the subject for a moment; and the introduction enabled Elphinstone to change it for a little, and to answer some enquiries for his family. But Lady Emily unfortunately introduced it again by expressing satisfaction at Mr. Princeton's success, which her father had told her.

"Yes, my dear, and Mr. Princeton is here to thank me for what you know I did not do. He believes I forewarned him of his danger through Mr. Elphinstone."

It was now Lady Emily's turn to be thrown off her guard, and not small was her consternation as she looked towards Elphinstone for relief, and he had none to give.

"Perhaps you have forgotten, papa, and may have told Mr. Elphinstone."

"And surely he can say if it was so," exclaimed his lordship.

Still Elphinstone was silent, and at length the lady said,

"I remember Mr. Elphinstone being here when you told me, papa, of Mr. Princeton's danger. I may have mentioned it on your word."

"Ah! I see how it is; and it is to yourself, Lady Emily, I am indebted, and to whom my thanks are due."

"By no means, Mr. Princeton; say rather to Elphinstone's own consideration."

"Well, but to you I am indebted for the hint, and it was kindly intended, and I shall be ever grateful."

"Mr. Princeton," said Lord Lyndale, "in whatever way you had the information it was, as you say, well intended."

Lord Lyndale wished to leave the subject, and yet it was so difficult; for on no point of ordinary politics did he agree with Mr. Princeton, and he tortured himself in vain to find some common ground of conversation.

Princeton was equally at a loss or more, and

merely expressed a wish he might have the honour of meeting his lordship oftener than for some time had been the case, which was reciprocated by Lord Lyndale.

He then rose to leave, and Lord Lyndale renewed his expression of satisfaction, and went so far as to say that he trusted their friendship, which had been interrupted by recent events, would be renewed and not again broken. Elphinstone was glad to make his escape at the same time, alarmed at the risk of being subjected to any further enquiries of Lord Lyndale, for which he was not prepared.

Princeton saw with pleasure that Elphinstone was to accompany him, as he meant to ask his opinion on a matter he had much at heart.

"Lady Emily," he said, "I only saw at last assembly, and could not have known her to be the child I remember a short time ago. She was most fascinating, and for the first time made me reflect that I was too far gone in politics to admit any other attraction. These are now at

a pause so far; but I am vexed about poor Mitchell, for if he is guilty of any offence against the law, I am also in an equal degree; and what to do for him I cannot discover."

Mr. Princeton's feelings for a friend and associate led him away, and to his honour, from the matter about which he had begun to speak. But Elphinstone, who cared little for Mr. Mitchell, but a great deal about the affair which had been introduced, omitted that gentleman and his fortunes entirely, as he said:

"Yes, she is all that you say, Mr. Princeton, and more. She is not only lovely, but kind-hearted."

"Well, Elphinstone, I know not how the Earl would relish a proposal; but there is no one more likely to judge correctly of that than yourself."

"Mr. Princeton, I think he would not be averse. Your rank and estate are very good; your family as ancient as his own, though commoners. 'Never venture, never win.'"

"It is of these things I meant to speak. Being an only daughter, and though his son will succeed to the estate and title, he may expect a higher alliance."

"I am sure, expect what he may, there is none that should be more desirable."

"You flatter me; or, if I may not say that, you overrate me."

"Well, I will take the earliest opportunity of sounding Lord Lyndale, and I entertain the best hopes of success."

Mr. Princeton knew his friend's sanguine disposition; but on this occasion it corresponded so entirely with his own wishes, that he would say nothing to indicate the doubts that he felt; and insisted on his staying the afternoon, and he would walk over with him to Mrs. Morton's in the evening, an invitation which Elphinstone, after a little hesitation, accepted. Till the hour of dinner he would have Mr. Princeton go over part of the line of the canal, which was to pass at no great distance, a topic to which

he was incessantly recurring, and the advantages of which he wished to point out to Mr. Princeton personally.

Princeton, to oblige him, complied, though his thoughts were otherwise occupied, and though he cared little for that magnificent project, the everlasting theme of his friend, while no other speculation engrossed his affections. Princeton compelled himself to listen to all the prospective advantages his property would gain, and Lord Lyndale's estate was promised a share of them, though farther off.

"But what district, indeed, will not benefit?" cried Elphinstone. "The effects will be spread all around, and afford comfort, convenience, and wealth to the whole country."

CHAPTER XIII

THE confidential affair with which Mr. Elphinstone was entrusted, appeared to him too important to admit of his return to town, lowering even for a time the canal itself in his imagination, which was left to be managed by a deputy. He sent a note to intimate his unexpected detention and remained at Mrs. Morton's.

Next morning he had an interview with Lord Lyndale, who was taken by surprise, on hearing of Mr. Princeton's desire of an alliance with his family.

"My only daughter, Mr. Elphinstone, and a good fortune and some merit besides, which neither fortune nor rank can confer, may expect a higher match. I am obliged by Mr. Princeton's intentions and candid mode of addressing me; but I will not give him my Emily."

Mr. Elphinstone reminded his lordship of the antiquity of Mr. Princeton's family and his large estates—a man besides who was universally esteemed, except for his political opinions; whose life had been hitherto without reproach, a stranger to vice or extravagance, and in almost all respects, therefore, making a proposal worthy of consideration.

"I will not altogether dispute what you say, Elphinstone. Matters are altered since his acquittal; but I will not be connected with a man who has stood at the bar of his country for sedition, and narrowly, as Pompwell has told me, escaped a conviction. The principles of my family are known and respected."

This was a reason which, given by a nobleman

who admired existing institutions in church and state, and abhorred republican excesses and political novelties, seemed natural enough. But there was another which his lordship concealed from Elphinstone. He had set his mind on an alliance equally wealthy, and more aristocratic, and free of political sins. Lord Hargrove was an old bachelor of fifty his near neighbour; and had been suddenly seized with a matrimonial fit on seeing Lady Emily on several occasions since her return. A child when she went away; on her return from London she was a beautiful girl, and now a reigning toast. Lord Hargrove from his intimacy with his brother peer, and the evident eligibility of the match, had no difficulty in making his wish known to become his son-in-law. His age he felt was an objection, and so it appeared to Lord Lyndale, who gently sounded his daughter's feelings when talking of Mr. Princeton's acquittal. She remained, however, without any suspicion of any design on her father's part, and received Lord Hargrove, when visiting

at Lyndale house with so much kindness, that he allowed himself to believe he might not be deemed unacceptable. Her father was looking on; and knowing his daughter's cheerful disposition, was by no means satisfied that there was reason to draw any conclusion. But he did not object to Lord Hargrove entertaining every confidence. When, however, he ventured to declare himself, the young lady was struck dumb with astonishment, especially as he added that he had her father's sanction; and could scarcely find words faintly to decline, as she said she wished to remain with her father, with whom she was perfectly happy. Hargrove was vexed; and her father nearly as much so; and he undertook the unpleasant task of remonstrating with his daughter, but she received all he said with such evident aversion and even terror of the proposed match that he could not think of pressing the affair farther, and told Lord Hargrove he was under the necessity, to his great regret, of declining the honour intended.

Mr. Elphinstone was in extreme difficulty how most easily to account to Mr. Princeton for Lord Lyndale's refusal, as he knew the pride of the man; but he felt no delay would be admitted by Mr. Princeton, and told him that Lord Lyndale could not favour his suit, on account of his political principles and the recent trial.

Princeton's risibility only was excited. "I had myself," he said, after a little, "an unfortunate dispute, as you remember, with Lord Lyndale, but I thought all was forgotten, especially as he was the aggressor. I will not alter my principles if I should thereby lose my chance of success where I am now so much interested; but I will promise not to intrude them on his lordship, and in the mean time there can be no occasion to do so any where, as our political meetings are now suspended by the strong arm of government. On the withdrawal of violence I must re-assert them."

Elphinstone recommended that the affair

should be allowed to rest for a short time, as it was possible Lord Lyndale might be induced to change his resolution. He knew nothing as to Hargrove's proposals, whose rejection was not so entirely kept secret as not to be whispered in the society in which Princeton moved. He became aware of it, and his own seemed unknown. He was exceedingly pleased with Hargrove's failure, as his rank and fortune were sufficient, he believed, to secure Lord Lyndale's consent, and thus there was room to think that the lady herself had refused Hargrove, and that his own rejection by the father had been influenced as much by the prospect of the other alliance as by his political opinions.

After Hargrove's failure, Lord Lyndale informed Lady Emily of Mr. Princeton's proposal, and of his own refusal, through Elphinstone

"There is no occasion, papa, to encourage Mr. Princeton. I approve of your rejection and have no wish to leave you."

"Well, well, my dear Emily, I will do nothing

to vex you, and acquiesce in your determination."

Mr. Princeton did not consider his political opinions any serious obstacle, but interested Lady Neville on his behalf. She entered warmly into his views, and mentioned Hargrove's failure, in which she fully approved of her niece's conduct, and invited her to spend a few days at her house.

When her father came she said to him, "I admire Mr. Princeton and think his courage in that government affair a recommendation. I am sure my niece will be happy with him."

Her opinion was not to be slighted. Lady Emily was her favorite, and Lord Lyndale knew might find a substantial benefit in being so. Thus he was induced to think more favourably of Mr. Princeton, and on his return, in a conversation with Elphinstone, sanctioned his addresses, but without informing his daughter.

"I shall be glad to see Mr. Princeton to-mor-morrow. He may call as if accidentally."

Princeton joyfully accepted the opportunity, and yet when the hour came he felt far more irresolute, or even timid, than might have been expected from one who had faced crowded, discordant, and tumultuous meetings with composure or even indifference.

But this embarrassment rather served him than otherwise, when contrasted with the character which had often been drawn of him by Lord Lyndale. It was some little time before he resumed his usual self-possession, yet in the end such was the influence produced by his courteous and gallant address, that he ventured to profess to Lady Emily his admiration and love.

"I have thought of nothing else since my return," he said, "not even during my late danger were my feelings half so affected, and since the kind concern you took in my safety, though my honour would not allow me to profit by it, became known to me, I have waited with the utmost impatience for this opportunity."

Lady Emily blushed, looked down, and was silent.

Princeton was too happy to interpret this as a consent, and before he left, commuicated his success to Lord Lyndale.

"I will send for Elphinstone to-morrow morning," he added, "and make any settlement he advises will be satisfactory to your lordship."

"I will leave it to him, Mr. Princeton. I confide in him; but I am well aware to your own feelings my daughter's interests are best entrusted. I will mention what fortune —"

"I am ready to accept her without reference to that."

"It is very kind, but I will not take advantage of your generosity. It will be arranged to our entire satisfaction, I doubt, not by Elphinstone."

They separated mutually pleased; and Lord Lyndale could not but admit, as the young, high minded, and gallant gentleman went away, that his daughter did right to prefer him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Princeton was absent in London for some time after his marriage with Lady Emily, where, amongst other pleasures he had an opportunity of renewing his intimacy with Mr. Arnold, who was, like himself, now disengaged from politics and engrossed by other and more agreeable occupations and pursuits. Their meeting was as pleasing as the recollection of former exciting scenes and dangers could make it; and the satisfaction received from each other's conversation proved that nothing forms

a more lasting bond of union than such recollections, of which there was but one that caused grief—the fate of Mr. Mitchell. They had many consultations how to remove or alleviate the hardships of exile on the far distant shore to which arbitrary power had carried him. Worldly wants they knew his estate would have supplied, if any consideration was shown to his former condition by the rules.

"I am in doubt," Arnold said, "but I shall send some useful things by the first ship, and let the venture take its fate."

Mr. Princeton joined in this work of kindness, and both designed to endeavour to procure a revisal and mitigation of the sentence, which was altogether arbitrary and vindictive.

During his absence the investigation promised to her was necessarily postponed, much to the annoyance of Miss Waldie, who wrote to Mr. Princeton various times, and could only be prevented coming personally to carry off her favorite, Mr. Charles Oliphant, by his repeated

assurances that immediately on his return something effectual would be done. She knew the strict honour of Mr. Princeton; and the letters she received from Mrs. Elphinstone bearing flattering testimony to the young gentleman's improvement, and the superintendence and care of Mr. Elphinstone, tended to render her in some degree satisfied still to allow the whole subject to await Mr. Princeton's convenience. But on his return he sent for Elphinstone and requested him to procure the assistance of one who would go over with care the whole subject by the light which a legal education afforded.

"I have anticipated your idea on that head, Mr. Princeton," said the man of business, who felt his own incapacity for so minute and troublesome an affair. "I have one in view to whom we can trust."

"That is well. There has been too much delay, and our kind friend, Miss Waldie, as well as Mr. Oliphant himself, have some reason to complain of my tardiness; but all this must now

be remedied, and the enquiry begun and carried on to a conclusion."

Elphinstone was desired to engage the gentleman to whom he referred on the work; and Mr. Princeton promised to come to town in a day or two afterwards to assist in it himself. To keep Miss Waldie's mind free from anxiety, he addressed another letter to her, with notice of his return, and assuring her of his continued interest, which he hoped soon to be in a condition to prove.

Miss Waldie was comforted by receipt of the letter, and could not but acknowledge Mr. Princeton's reasons for the delay; that trial from which he had escaped and his subsequent absence, were quite sufficient, though apt to be forgotten through her own impatience.

On receiving the letter she retired to her quiet parlour to peruse it, and there put up a prayer for forgiveness for any murmuring that had escaped her, and for patience to endure this and any other necessary trial of the world. She was

about to put the letter past, when she observed from the window the Reverend Joseph Deacon walking up the road to the house. Now this visit afforded her the prospect of a most agreeable evening, for she loved the conversation of a spiritual comforter; and besides, a special notice appeared in the last missionary publication of her generous donations, which Mr. Deacon sent to her for perusal, and was now come to receive her opinion.

"Mr. Deacon," said Miss Waldie, rising as he entered the room, "I am so delighted to see you."

"And it gives me great satisfaction, my dear Miss Waldie, to see you so well."

Before further conversation, Mr. Deacon's creature comforts were attended to. He was fat; and the walk was too much for him if he had not known the lady would send him home in her gig in the evening. Then Mr. Deacon went on with reading passages from pamphlets and reports, much to her edification; and his own

running commentary, or her questions, were sufficient to keep up the interest of both.

During all this time Miss Waldie forgot Mr. Princeton's letter, which she laid down on Mr. Deacon's entrance. It caught her eye as she was looking for some former report, and she immediately said—

"I have just heard from Mr. Princeton. I expect something will now be done in Mr. Charles Oliphant's affairs."

"Any thing that pleases you, Miss Waldie,—but Mr. Oliphant, what relation is he of your family?"

"Not related at all; but I am interested in him, and mean to leave him my fortune. Just read Mr. Princeton's letter."

She handed it to him, and he perused it with apparent interest, and then resumed—

"Indeed! all your fortune did you say? Is there no better way, I mean no more useful? Is there no family relation?"

"No, Mr. Deacon, I have none that are near; none certainly that are so dear."

"But all your fortune! Some part of it might obtain a blessing, if bestowed on a worthy object."

"But is he not good? Is he not worthy?"

"Yes, yes; since you are pleased to think so, I must esteem him to be all that you say; still —"

"Well, Mr. Deacon, I read with a feeling of shame the praise with which the periodical you sent me honoured my small doings, for it was not deserved."

"Ah! Miss Waldie, it was certainly merited by your christian works of love and benevolence. These various objects, which you know our church has so much at heart, the education of females in India, the Missions to Trinidad, old Calabar and Ceylon; the conversion of the Jews, the Church Building Fund, the increase of stipends to ministers at home and abroad, the missionary schools among the negroes; what a field for goodness, benevolence, and charity!"

"It is very true what you say; I will not

neglect them. I intend to do more under your directions."

"Madam, I am infinitely gratified. These objects are greatly more useful and honourable than anything to be done for the young gentleman you spoke of."

"But I will do both, Mr. Deacon. There are none of your schemes that are not deserving."

"Well, I know not what I could wish more, Miss Waldie. A blessing will rest on our exertions; and you yourself will appear a burning and shining light; as one who, having by the kindness of Providence received a large portion of the world's goods, knows how to use them for the promotion of heavenly objects."

Mr. Deacon succeeded in some of the purposes of his visit, but Miss Waldie was not disposed to be diverted from her regard for Charles Oliphant. He was entertained with all her usual hospitality; he had her booked for large subscriptions to all the projects and schemes which his zeal prompted him to bring under her

notice; but she was resolved to leave the bulk of her fortune as her affections dictated; and this was so apparent to him, that he wisely forbore to press anything contrary to her ideas further at present.

In leaving, to be sure, he recurred to it, by reminding her that the young gentleman might possibly, as Mr. Princeton expected, he placed beyond the necessity of a reliance on her liberality, if he succeeded in recovering his estate.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Deacon, that is true; but I trust not much to what is to come through courts of law. It is but little that once gets in, as my brother said, that finds its way out of them."

And in this Mr. Deacon found it necessary to acquiesce; and returned home pretty well satisfied in the meantime, nor without hopes that time and reflection might produce some relaxation of the lady's resolution, which he set down as romantic and injudicious; a whim to be tenderly dealt with and gradually corrected.

CHAPTER XV.

Now that his own affairs were happily and comfortably settled, after so many perils, Mr. Princeton was at liberty to act in Mr. Oliphant's, and held a consultation with Mr. Elphinstone and Mr. Lynx, the gentleman whom Elphinstone, conscious of his own want of industry and application, specially recommended. This lawyer was not of the parchment and feudal school, but well acquainted with human character, and accustomed to weigh evidence.

It was resolved amongst other things to go

over the original record in the suit with Oliphant's father; not that Mr. Lynx hoped much from it, but he deferred to Princeton's desire, and merely told him that though he knew little or nothing then of the subject, which was almost quite new to him, except what he had picked up at the meeting, he had no doubt those who were employed at the time knew it well, and were not likely to overlook anything that could have been useful; a conclusion this of Mr. Lynx's somewhat hasty, though probably by experience known to him, to be correct generally; but it is not always so.

Elphinstone, generally hopeful and sanguine, took part with Mr. Princeton, and said to the lawyer:

"Mr. Lynx, with every deference, your opinion is merely a supposition that due care was exercised by others; I know your acuteness so well, that I shall be satisfied if you say on examination all is right."

He was flattered by this compliment in the

hearing of a man of so much judgment as Princeton, who himself confirmed and animated the lawyer by expressing the same confidence in him as Elphinstone, concluding:

"My suspicions have been awakened, and I have besides promised the son that his father's affairs shall be carefully looked into."

Mr. Frankover, with that fatal propensity that leads men who have done evil to hover near the place where the evidence against them is disinterred, repaired to the office of records, undetermined how to act; desirous to see if the document, a single sheet of paper, had not disappeared from the mass, with intentions he would hardly admit, even to himself.

He soon procured the bundle of papers, and was intent on turning them over, when Mr. Princeton, attended by Mr. Lynx and Elphinstone, entered the room for the very purpose of making their examination. Frankcver was not known to Mr. Lynx till Elphinstone pointed him out. None of them paid much attention to

the circumstance that he was there; it was in the way of business, and many, similarly occupied, sat at the different tables; till on requesting the record from the Registrar they found it was at that moment in Frankover's hands. Mr Lynx was now aroused, and fixed his eye on Frankover, nor did he withdraw it for an instant. He saw him take a document into his hands, and then look around till he met the gaze of Mr. Lynx, from which he shrank at once. Then Lynx spoke a few words to the Registrar, and both went to the table at which Frankover was seated.

"I perceive," said Lynx to him, "you are examining this record, sir, and we are come on the same errand. We will take the documents, as you are finished with them."

Mr. Frankover hastily thrust the writing he was afraid of into the heap, but its form was not unobserved. And, as if to crown the misfortune occasioned by his ill-timed anxiety, Adamson entered the room, and came up to

Frankover, increasing his difficulties and confusion. Elphinstone whispered to Lynx he was a messenger, with the nature of whose occupation Lynx was perfectly acquainted, and concluded, though on slender grounds, perhaps, that they were both connected with some objection to the proceedings through an act of Adamson's; and whether an innocent error or not, he knew it might be fatal; which increased his resolution to examine the original writings, and the particular one which Frankover had in his hand when he looked up.

On the whole mass of papers being brought from Frankover's table, who said he was done with them, Mr. Lynx, by his previous accidental observation of the shape and size of the paper, assisted by professional acuteness, picked it out and found it to be an execution or return of service by Adamson.

"This, then," he thought, "is a writing, about which there is a mystery;" but he said nothing.

Meanwhile Frankover, almost petrified by such a complication of ominous circumstances, stepped aside to speak to Adamson, and as he guessed the thoughts which were passing through Lynx's mind, he became afraid to trust either himself or Adamson longer to his inquisitiveness, and they left the room together.

"What brought you here, Nicol, just now?" he said, when they got out. "Nothing could have been more unfortunate."

"Mr. Frankover, I am sorry for it; but I heard you were going back to the country, and we must have Stevenson sent out of the road."

"Yes, and it cannot be too soon. Oliphant's friends are at this moment examining the record."

Adamson was silenced; and they went away to concert what was now to be done in case the enquiry they feared was begun.

"Mr. Elphinstone," said Lynx, "let a copy be made of this document, and inform the Registrar it must not be parted with to any one, nor seen except in his own presence."

What his suspicions were he did not communicate then either to Elphinstone or Princeton, but on the copy being laid before him, he desired enquiries to be made for the persons who attested it along with Adamson. After some days spent in correspondence, one was found to be dead, and of the other no account could be got except that he had enlisted for a soldier and gone abroad years before, and was a native of the district where Frankover resided. Mr. Lynx now communicated his suspicions to both Princeton and Elphinstone, to show them the importance of much more careful enquiry, and the former undertoook to make it.

Mr. Frankover conjectured most of the councils of the other side. He returned home, having caused Adamson to follow him, that he might be at hand for any event. In vain he endeavoured to conceal his perplexity from his wife, but would not discover to her the cause. Yet though left in uncertainty, she to some extent

rightly concluded these had their origin in Oliphant's affairs.

Now, though at first she had hesitated to give her hand to a man so much below her in rank, since their marriage, as was naturally to be expected, she looked upon all his cares as her own, and by every means pressed him to discover the cause of his melancholy, which he felt could not be done without forfeiting her respect, and with no benefit to himself.

"My dear Frankover," she said, "only tell me what distracts you; let me at least share your sorrows, as I am partner of your joys; else I am no longer trusted by you, nor worthy to be your wife."

Tears accompanied her words, and encreased his difficulty, though they could not shake his resolution.

"If it is loss of fortune," she continued, "I can bear it; we may part with all if our honour remain unimpeached."

The words struck a dagger to his heart. His

honour! an hour might deprive him not only of any pretension to the word, but fasten on him what it would be death to her almost to contemplate.

But he assumed a certain calmness of appearance, assured her all would be well, and promised to communicate the cause of his trouble in a short time, a promise with which she was forced to be contented.

"How is Stevenson to be got quit off?" said Frankover to himself, as he paced the lawn in front of his house, "I have settled him here where at least he is safer than in almost any other place, and more under my eye. If he could be trusted it were well; Adamson might sound him."

He had scarcely made these reflections, when the soldier appeared limping towards him.

"Good morning, Stevenson, what is going on down in the village?"

"Oh, just naething, there's naething new there; but I maun thank you, sir, for the house and the yard, they answer weil."

"Go in then, and see if Mrs. Frankover has anything for you."

He turned and moved away while Frankover thought,

"If I could hide him, or transport him, or change his name, or if he were dead, the adversaries' game is up, but—" and he threw himself on a seat and remained long in deep thought.

The soldier was kindly received by Mrs. Frankover, who, unconscious of any mystery attaching to him, detained him with questions as to his services and the scenes in which he had borne a part.

She seemed to feel a degree of respect, as many do, for a man, however humble, who has faced death far away from his own peaceful land, and at that time was too often left as the sequel, to pine in old age and die under the load of poverty and the disability of wounds. When he went away it was not empty-handed.

CHAPTER XVI.

A few days after the meeting which occurred in the Record Room, Mr. Princeton, accompanied by Charles Oliphant, arrived at Woodport. On alighting at the Inn, Mr. Oliphant was recognised by the landlord at once, who touched his hat and said he was glad to see one of the old family back again, and he would have known him among five hundred. Mr. Oliphant thanked him for this expression of attachment, and reminded him of his attention at the time of his father's journey to Edinburgh.

"Aye, aye, Sir, Mr. Frankover, as I found, did na forget what he heard me saying, and I lost something may be by his ill will, but I made fend to stand it."

"I am vexed," said Mr. Oliphant, "you suffered for your kindness to my poor father and myself; but I may yet be able to recompense it."

As soon as a chaise was got ready Princeton and Oliphant drove out to Miss Waldie's house, who received them with the utmost kindness and delight, and on learning they were in search of Stevenson she told them he resided in the village of Morden, in a house which Mr. Frankover had given him.

"That man I never liked," she said, "but he has some glimpses of what is right too; or it may be his wife, poor thing."

Miss Waldie's information at once surprised and startled Mr. Princeton, and he determined to see Stevenson without delay, notwithstanding her assurance that he was seldom at home, and could be easily sent for, with other reasons she made use of to detain them.

A short drive brought them to the village, and Stevenson was at home.

After a few introductory questions, Mr. Princeton asked if he remembered being present at any service of writs with Adamson.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I do. Mr. Adamson knew me, and when I came to Edinburgh first I was a witness for him at times."

Princeton was staggered, and next enquired if he remembered the other witness on the occasion in question.

"No, I do not."

"And when did you leave Edinburgh."

"Ah, well I mind that; I was enlisted one morning after a merry nicht o' nonsense o' a' kind, and shipped some days after at Leith," and he named a date which showed he could speak to time accurately.

"You would know your own writing."

"Aye, surely."

"Then make ready and come immediately with me."

"Indeed, I'll do nae sic thing. I maun ken what for; I hae gaen awa' when I could na help it, but noo I can, and will rest me just whar Mr. Frankover has gien me leave."

Frankover's kindness to the soldier, and his recognition of it, seemed to render it probable that that gentleman had been beforehand with him, but his artless replies soon satisfied Mr. Princeton that such suspicions were unfounded. It was of the last importance to act before Mr. Frankover could do anything to remove him, which would most probably be attempted the moment he became aware of the enquiries set on foot on the spot. At last it occurred to Mr. Princeton to ask Stevenson if he would not be guided by Miss Waldie's advice.

"Oh, aye, I'll tak either her advice or Mrs. Frankover's; if one o' them tell me to do what you want, I'll do it."

"Then come away," said Princeton.

"Wei'll, I maun lock my door, for I hae nane to leave behind me."

This done after a little delay, Mr. Princeton got him into the chaise which whirled away at a rapid pace.

The whole of the dialogue had been overheard by Mr. Frankover. In the evening of that day he walked down towards the village to prevail on the soldier to remove to some hiding place, or conceal the truth, and acknowledge the signature, and arrived a minute or two after Princeton. Alarmed by the chaise standing at the door, he stole gently forward in the darkness, and got so far as to overhear what was said, and yet was adroit enough to withdraw without being discovered.

As the chaise rolled away he felt the most intense anguish, because he seemed almost to have brought the man there to be discovered; he had not secured him while there was yet time; he seemed stopped by his own devices, or in the midst of their execution, as if his usual prescience and fortune were forsaking him. Slowly he retraced his steps, baffled and desponding, unconscious of

the lapse of time, and heedless of the rain which was falling heavily, a prey to corroding care. His wife had watched long, and expected his return with fear and vague apprehension, which to some extent were relieved by his entrance. She tried to appear cheerful, and pressed him to change his dress, soaked with rain, and he followed her advice without remark, and begged to be left alone.

She looked in his face and said, "What is this, my dear Frankover. You are changed, and no longer love me nor trust me."

He denied that he was changed, or that he distrusted her, but the things that engaged his mind, he said, she could not comprehend; at least her advice would be of no service.

She burst into tears and left him, and he threw himself into bed, merely that it might not be supposed he had not rested through the night.

CHAPTER XVII.

A sleepless night, in which mental torture predominated over nature, made the morning sun a relief to Frankover, even though he saw from the window the fair lands, which he had coveted and ventured everything to possess, now in danger of being taken from him. The prospect might rather be supposed to add a few more drops to the cup of affliction. But the saddest thoughts are dissipated to some extent by the light of heaven, and the gift of a new day, in this working and toiling world, in which men

fall into the ranks and go through the exercises of life from habit which has become so strong, that they would not disobey its imperious sway if they could. It is a condition from which they have been accustomed to derive satisfaction.

Reflections frequent and painful made him aware that if the lands were taken, the money which he and others in his situation paid for them could not be got back from creditors of Charles Oliphant's grandfather, by whose process the lands were sold in the absence of his father in India, at a great undervalue; because the creditors, in the mutability of human affairs, had generally themselves reached the lowest point of depression, and were bankrupts, or dead, or gone out of the country. That the lands could be taken free of their debt seemed not by any means improbable, if the objection he feared were discovered; and as the prospect of getting back any part of the price was so unsatisfactory, it appeared the more necessary to guard that objection.

Mr. Ostertoun, always inquisitive and watchful, obtained some hints of the danger, and as if to increase trouble, was disposed to renew his assertion of Frankover's responsibility, and to throw all consequences on his shoulders, a burden which he, with as much resolution as before, positively refused to undertake.

While the affair was in this situation, as was previously arranged, Adamson arrived from Edinburgh, and was made acquainted with the discovery of Stevenson, and his departure from the village, which was totally unexpected and surprising; for he too, like Frankover, had been considering if it were possible to remove him beyond the reach of enquiry, when this sudden and decisive move of the other side came on, full of danger to them both. He was silent for a minute or two, and looked into Frankover's face for a ray of hope, and at length ventured to say:

"He has signed often before and may not be able to speak certainly about it."

"'Tis true," said Frankover, though he knew too well the contrary, "but if it be otherwise."

"Then," said Adamson, "we are both in danger, and I, in the first place, but you know you wrote."

"Hush! let us not recall it; at least at present."

"But I must recall it to your recollection, Mr. Frankover; I may have been to blame for yielding, but I did it by your advice, and you wrote his name."

"Well! say no more. We will talk the matter over again. I must see Ostertoun and Marks, who are far from desponding, and why should we?"

"That may be, and I will continue in hope: but I must know from you, Mr. Frankover, whether you acknowledge that I state the truth."

Thus pressed Frankover smiled in bitter scorn. "What signifies it, you fool, whether I admit or deny it to you. You are the officer who attests

the writing, and issues it as genuine, and thus will be held the instigator or participator."

It was a home thrust given by a skilful hand; and Adamson, who had been flattering himself with the belief he could always place the actual perpetrator betwixt himself and danger, was struck dumb, but watched the other's countenance to see if he really meant what he said, or had any feeling of honour or sympathy, for one brought into such peril by too thoughtlessly yielding to his persuasion.

The cold, steadfast, unwavering eye told him far better than words, that every consideration would be thrown aside by Frankover for his own safety.

Adamson, accustomed to obey his dangerous coadjutor, felt too clearly he must acquiesce in that primary conclusion. Till the dinner hour Frankover proposed a walk through the grounds, and did not in the course of it once recur to the subject of their recent deliberation. As they returned, he became as suddenly elevated in spirits, as he

had been for some time depressed, and introduced Adamson to his lady, who came out to meet them.

"Mr. Adamson," he said, "is an old townsman, who has prospered in the world like myself, and I am but too happy to introduce him."

She was pleased to find her husband so much better, and naturally attributing the change to Adamson's presence, received him with much courtesy, and he forgot for the time the dangers which surrounded them.

After dinner Adamson followed Frankover to a chamber which led by steps to the roof of the house, from which a view was obtained of the neighbouring country. There, as they paced along, Frankover resumed the subject most interesting to both, and Adamson again reminded him that he subscribed Stevenson's name to the writ, "for which you must relieve me of all consequences. It was done, you remember, in haste, at the last moment, when you feared the objection for the want of it; and was just in time you told me, as the judges asked for it. I

could hardly recollect who were my concurrents at the time, whose names would do; but I put down the one that is dead and you the other. It was, you said, a life and death matter for the cause, and such a sweat and hurry as you mind you were in."

"All this may be true, Nicol, and you have been exercising your memory; but in the first instance it lies at your door, and if you could just step out of the way for a short time—"

"Never! I relied upon you, and you must yourself relieve me."

"How can I? Show me the way, Nicol?"

"Nay; I cannot. You must yourself discover the means, Mr. Frankover."

"Well, then, you must maintain that Stevenson did sign. Your word is as good as his."

"But the handwriting?"

"Ah! true—the handwriting; but it is a good imitation."

"It may, and probably is; you know best."

"I think we looked it out at the time. But you promise to obey my directions."

"Yes, if you agree to stand betwixt me and danger."

"Well, Nicol, I will be present, and do what I can to screen you."

"But you must save me if there is anything serious."

"You will not withdraw, then, if there be?"

"Never."

"Well, I must undertake. The other party have unexpectedly got hold of Stevenson, but they have much to do besides."

This promise in some degree tended to soothe and comfort Adamson; and Frankover felt it was necessary for his own safety in the mean-time to make it, and for his interest besides, as if the truth were known by a premature disclosure, the case of Mr. Oliphant would be too

clear to allow even of legal delays, difficulties, and protracted discussion. Time and the course of events might, he thought, produce something in his favor, which he was fully disposed to seize if it occurred.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In spite of many obstacles, Mr. Princeton carried on Oliphant's suit to set aside the former judgment, and at length it was necessary for Adamson to appear for examination.

He contemplated the occasion with so much terror that from being a healthy and even vigorous man his person was broken down in appearance—his hair prematurely grey. As he descended his stair to attend at the place where his deposition would be taken, he felt as if he was going to receive a sentence of condemnation,

and he had need of some one to lend him his arm; and Mr. Frankover was ready for that duty, by whom he had been primed the night before.

Mr. Lynx attended for Mr. Oliphant, and Oldenlaw continued, as before, to attend to the case of Mr. Frankover, Mr. Ostertoun, and Mr. Marks.

The execution was produced, and Adamson recognised his own signature and that of the witness who was dead; in answer to Lynx's question, "Do you know the other witness, Stevenson; and is that his signature."

"I know him, and I think it is his signature."

Frankover felt the most extreme internal agitation, but kept his eye fixed on Adamson to screw him up to his promise and the occasion.

"You think; but are you sure?"

"Well; I have seen so many signatures made, I cannot say much more—I believe it to be his."

Frankover felt relieved. The answer was an affirmative, and Mr. Lynx in the meantime knew it to be so.

"Come, Sir, we cannot take your belief in this matter. You must say if Allan Stevenson wrote his name with his own hand to that paper."

"I have no doubt he did, as it is there; but I do not remember, it is is so long ago."

The answer puzzled Lynx, and completely assured Frankover.

"Have you any note of the time when this was done or occurred?"

"I do not know, as I have not examined."

"Then you must examine, and be prepared to answer to-morrow."

Adamson thus, in the meantime, dismissed from a situation where he had been trembling with apprehension, was escorted home with the most extravagant expressions of praise by Frankover. On consultation touching Mr. Lynx's request, they felt it was necessary to say any books which

might contain entries for the business were long since destroyed, or had fallen aside and could not be found, and these were put away, in case they should be called for. Lynx, thus foiled, on the following day, produced Stevenson, and he had no hesitation in denying the writing to be his, to which he said it might bear a little resemblance; but, he added, he was not in the country at the time the writing was dated, and had gone away for a soldier the year before.

Frankover was not unprepared for this, but it took Oldenlaw very much by surprise, who tried every means to ascertain whether the witness might not be mistaken; but he was firm and decided, notwithstanding all his efforts.

Mr. Lynx procured evidence, which he produced to show that Stevenson's statement of his absence was true, and also, after infinite trouble, documents showing his real signature at the time, and making the case so very clear that there could remain no doubt about the forgery.

Mr. Frankover expected this also, though he

pretended to be as much taken by surprise as Oldenlaw himself; but that gentleman, on reflection, perceived that Adamson could have no interest of himself to pass off the document as genuine, and from the air and manner of Adamson, and the command which Frankover seemed to have over him, he made a considerable stretch towards a just conclusion as to the author of the manufacture. He was there, however, to defend him and protect his interests, and these he saw were now in the utmost danger. To Frankover that was nothing new, for it had become too apparent long since to his secret judgment; and notwithstanding he continued the suit to gain time, and against every chance, all his devices finally failed, and the former judgment was set aside. The lands were found to belong to Charles Oliphant.

CHAPTER XIX.

It is seldom that all the consequences of a doubtful action are clearly seen in the first instance; for the inclination and the judgment pulling in opposite directions the former generally overpowers and turns the other, as for the time it desires; but the revulsion, when it comes, is sudden, startling, and appalling, like the shock received by a ship which in full sail, strikes on a rock, and presents a fearful reality to all on board of her.

When Adamson had leisure to reflect upon all

the effects of having committed himself to Frankover's guidance, at the precise point which the affair had now reached, he was overwhelmed with a sense of his dangerous situation.

The whole consequence, in the event of a detection, was thrown over on him, as he now perceived without any obscurity, because his attention became concentrated by the approach of trouble. A thousand times he regretted when it was vain to do so, that he yielded to the solicitations of that unscrupulous man, in the hope that by the mere fact of his appending Stevenson's name there was safety.

He was himself the officer responsible for the correctness of what was done, bound to allow no one to commit so grave an offence. Even Frankover's confession would only impeach himself, not relieve Adamson of participating in the crime.

The first step taken, alas! how difficult is it to recede in the progress of an evil action. The rest consists of a devious movement to one side

or to another, to avoid a trap at one place or an impediment next, till at length, if further progress is not suddenly stopped, the wanderer is led back almost unconsciously to the point where the first false move was begun.

Haunted by a continual dread of some impending calamity, no assurances of the difficulty that Mr. Oliphant's advisers would have in overturning the former judgment had much effect in restoring tranquillity to Adamson.

He brooded over the danger and disgrace, neglected his usual occupations, became irritable in temper, feeble, and irresolute, shunned the friends who came to comfort, or who would have assisted him. Papers, business, profit, everything was forgotten, and he only desired to remain in silence.

When the decision was at last given for Mr. Oliphant, the little strength he had gave way. He would not leave his bed, would see no friend or stranger, and was terrified at every knock, as if it announced some one in search of him. The

very music of the bells from St. Giles, once so agreeable, helped but to produce painful reminiscences, and he said to his old housekeeper sharply,

"Let me not hear those sounds, they are mocking me."

Obedient to his wish she tried to drown them by closing the shutters of his bedroom windows, but failed; the tinkling notes were still heard by him after she went out and left him alone, as he most desired.

"I will go to the back apartment, why should I be vexed to morrow? why even now?" and he rose from the bed, staggered out of the room, and threw himself into another bed; ,'there, now there is silence."

A clerk came in and asked him to sign some writings.

"Never shall I sign again; get some one else, I care not who; let him who follows take my place. I am down."

The words were not understood, except as in-

dicating great mental anxiety, by him to whom they were addressed; but an impatient wave of the hand induced him to withdraw.

Adamson had known that as long as the suit remained undecided there was no immediate danger, and even its decision on the ground of the forgery left the author involved in mystery as before; but he now felt it would instantly be held a duty to clear up this, and bring the party to punishment, and that the presumptions were so strong against him, a warrant would perhaps be issued without even an intimation.

Of this, too, Frankover was well aware, and it was of importance to him to hinder Adamson from saying anything that might give a colour to the suspicion that arose from the consideration that he had no interest, and Frankover a very material one, in what was done; and he thought he could still prove to his satisfaction, the best course was to continue to assert that Stevenson had signed. But now he was more doubtful of his reception from one so seriously

implicated, or if his usual superiority would still be proved in a personal meeting, and continued a day or two in town before determining to see him.

He proceeded to Adamson's house, and on opening the door the old housekeeper started back. "Ye maunna come in, sir, I know not what you have done, but my poor master is sinking awa' fast, I think, and you are to blame. He mutters your name at times in a way I winna repeat to you, but just let it be best to do as I say."

"Tut, tut, my good woman, I have always been on friendly terms with Mr. Adamson; but how is he?"

"I've told you he's dying, I fear."

"And I cannot see him."

"You had better not."

Frankover turned; he thought her recommendation was to be followed; and as he did so, heard Adamson's voice faintly calling her. She made haste, knowing his impatience, and Frankover went down the stair.

"Who was that, Peggy? Are they come for me?"

"No, it is Mr. Frankover." He was roused at the name.

"Let him not come here; lest with the little strength I have I should attempt to murder the villain."

"He's gone."

"Ah! every knock, how soft it be soever, makes me shake. It may be a party to drag me to jail."

Familiarity with such work does not breed contempt for it, when it comes to be enforced on the person of a former actor. On the contrary, he becomes more than usually unmanned and terror-struck; whether because he had hugged himself in the belief that no such thing could ever befal him, or because he knows there will be no sympathy for him in misfortune, but rather a feeling of exultation in the minds of the spectators at his at last undergoing the suffering he had helped others to. And not without cause was

Adamson alarmed; it was only from a knowledge of his extreme illness that he was not already taken, but those were on the watch for him who would let slip no opportunity, when his state of health would admit of his removal; a consciousness of which, from practice and experience of his own, kept him sensitive to the smallest sound that reached his ear from the muffled knocker.

His old housekeeper, who for many years participated in his comforts, did not fail to redouble all her care, and tried in vain to assure him there was no danger, of which she knew nothing nor could have comprehended it; but spoke with the simplicity and ignorance of a child, anxious to please and soothe, whose prattle regarding it was therefore nauseous as physic from which nature revolted. He turned his head away in anguish, and then said almost in a whisper,

"There is danger, but there is one escape from it which comes to me as it will come to all, and it is now not far off."

She leant down her head to hear him, his

voice was so feeble, and the ominous words for the first time suggested the thought of separation from one who had been long her stay. The tears fell fast from her eyes as she said,

"No, no, you are only trying to frighten me."

"Peggy; I am very serious. I shall leave you everything. You have been mindful of me when I had no one else. The writing you will find in that desk after I am gone. Keep them out for a day or two longer; let the doctor certify I am too ill to attend."

The old woman wept and promised to do what he required, and indeed, nothing but the doctor's remonstrances and certificate could have saved a forcible entrance being made by those entrusted with the duty into the sick man's chamber. But they were kept out by necessary and timely representation to those in higher power, and so the last few hours were permitted to the poor victim to prepare for the change which was at hand. He used them with fortitude, forgot the

cares and anxiety which had been pressing on him so long, became serene and calm as the world was gradually shrouded from his eyes, and slipped away under the dark shadow of death, murmuring a prayer for forgiveness.

CHAPTER XX.

In the course of the enquiries which Frankover's anxiety prompted him to make, he must have soon heard of Adamson's death; but he had taken means to obtain the earliest intelligence by bribing one of the officials who were on the watch; and that man came to him to say he was gone. He pretended to receive the information with grief, and, to crown his hypocrisy, appeared as a mourner with the other humble friends who followed the remains to their last resting-place. He was unknown to any of them previously, and Adamson had made no confidant who could reproach him, unless it was his housekeeper,

who understood but little, and would have no opportunity.

Now the secret, therefore, seemed safe from discovery; he was secure against impeachment; his reputation was unblemished; no proof existed to convict him as the party truly guilty.

These reflections helped to enable him to bear up against the loss of fortune and estate, as he could appear to Pompwell in the light of an honourable man who lost his property by the accidental blunder or gross fault of an officer of the law; and of a persecuted man besides, as he was at pains to circulate, that it was by Princeton's hatred to him for the evidence given on his trial he had been exposed to a ruinous lawsuit.

Mr. Ostertoun, too, who persisted in proposing to fasten responsibility on him, was now less formidable. He only knew there was a mystery about the writing, without knowing the part Frankover had taken in it, and he could be

met with confidence on his own view of the matter, unaffected by the fear of a discovery which must have been fatal.

But the enquiry was not immediately stopped. Mr. Frankover was invited to attend and give any explanation or information in his power. As long as Adamson lived he could not be sure he would not at any moment disclose the true facts; and therefore put off appearing on one pretence or another, that his own recorded statement might not be reported to irritate and give an ample apology for disclosures. Now, however, he courted the investigation, and sent intimation he was ready to attend.

An hour was fixed, and he repaired to the place, confident in his skill to escape all suspicion, however carefully the examination might be conducted. The public officer began by asking him if he had ever seen the document, at the same time exhibiting it to him. He received it, looked carelessly over it, and replied that he might in the course of the proceedings, but

never particularly examined it, and supposed it was all right. He was again asked if he had employed Adamson to do the business. He answered that he thought not, as that could be done by his correspondent in Edinburgh.

"Have you no charge in your accounts for that business?"

"None: my books are open for examination."

"Did you never see this instrument except in its present state?"

"Never."

"He was known to you?"

"Why, yes; I knew him. A poor man at first, he was pretty successful in his humble way; but this subject, it seems, was too much for him."

"Well, Mr. Frankover, I shall trouble you no farther at present. We must, you know, do our duty, and obtain all the information necessary. But the man is dead; so that seems nearly to end the public inquiry."

"I rather think it does, sir," said Frankover with a smile.

"I must apologize again to you, sir, for this trouble; but you know the rules."

"Oh, certainly. There is no apology necessary."

During all this he maintained the utmost coolness, whatever he felt within his own breast from the whisperings of conscience: he knew nothing now could be proved, though suspicions might elsewhere exist. These were strong; and to Mr. Princeton, unacquainted with law, they appeared overpowering. But when the result was submitted to Pompwell he had no difficulty in ordering further inquiry to be stopped, in so far as the public were concerned, and was pleased to declare his conviction of the entire innocence of Mr. Frankover, whom he considered a man persecuted by Mr. Princeton for giving evidence on his trial, which, but for a blundering jury, would have transported him for sedition.

On the strength of this opinion, and determined to make the most of the favour with which Pompwell regarded him, Frankover called on that dignitary, and explained the unfortunate turn in his affairs. Pompwell was struck by the ability and judgment which he manifested in a conversation Frankover artfully turned on the subject of the Convention, and the success which he said had crowned the exertions of Government, principally through Pompwell's skill in allaying the popular frenzy by the banishment of Mitchell and other offenders.

"Yes, Mr. Frankover; I have prostrated that movement, and I hope we may deal a like blow to the hydra of rebellion and infidelity over the water. Then we shall be free of the ignorant and stupid rabble presuming to claim to be represented in the House of Commons. Let poor men by honest industry support their families, and leave the business of legislation and taxation to those who have property and enlightenment. The nation prospered by doing so."

"Yes, sir," said Frankover, "and I think the French will hesitate about invading Britain when so many regiments of volunteers are being drilled, after the manner of which you have set an example to the whole country."

"It becomes men in my place, Mr. Frankover, to show that example; and it has been useful, though I say it. We have crushed sedition at home on the one hand, and while doing so, have shown the foreign enemy on the other what he may expect if he set foot on British ground."

"Such men as Mr. Princeton," said Frankover, "are not numerous in this country."

"No, sir; I wish they had been one less; and it was not my fault nor yours. I shall take care to keep you in view. His malignity must be counteracted."

Mr. Frankover bowed low, and then said that every one must be prepared to encounter enemies in support of truth and social order.

Pompwell was pleased with the flattery that was administered under the guise of admiration of public virtue, and renewed his assurances that he would not forget Mr. Frankover if an opportunity offered.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM the height where, wrapped in robes of hypocritical sanctity, he had been accustomed to look down, to judge and condemn others, Mr. Dobie was precipitated by one of those unforeseen calamities which happen to flesh and blood too often, all the world over; but by none could it be believed beforehand, that one so holy and undefiled would be found accessible to the irregular influences which brought him under liability to the soft impeachment in question. He was so hard, stern, and inexorable an enemy to vice

and sin of every kind, so indefatigable in his exertions to detect and expose them; so loud in his denunciations of punishment here and hereafter; so zealous for sabbath observance; so instant with admonition in season or out of season, that he was esteemed a pillar of the House, a chosen vessel, a saint whom none of those sins he condemned could ever affect, or induce to swerve from the straight and narrow way, in which, as he often boasted, he was hurrying onwards, save when stopped by the necessity of warning wanderers off the broad way, which led them in present ease and comfort to everlasting perdition.

It was at first that charge, only a whisper, which seemed but to rise like a soft breeze on a summer's day, ruffling and unsettling for a moment the purity of Mr. Dobie's reputation, and then suddenly departing. Men looked up, scented it, and said that virtue was always obnoxious to calumny; envy and detraction followed on the heels of merit, and the higher its position, the

more conspicuous it became for the poisoned arrows of the malignant and the wicked.

But anon, another blast—not a breathing from the sweet south; but a gust from the icy north, loud and stormy enough to arrest attention and to cause wonder and doubt in the solemn and virtuous and censorious society in which Mr. Dobie mingled. "Can it be true that he has lapsed and fallen into the snares of the evil one," was the current question.

The frail fair one who made the charge was his own servant, who said she had been seduced by him, and was about to make him a father. The currency of the rumour would not have prevailed on Mr. Dobie's Kirk session of itself to institute an enquiry, where he was potential in influence, honoured as an elder; but as he declined to afford any pecuniary relief, and denied the truth of the accusation, and treated the remonstrances and tears of the injured with contempt, she laid the charge before it.

Several members affected amazement and dis

belief of such sin having been committed by one peculiarly bound to observe a moral walk in life, as a pattern and example to others. She was admonished to be careful of her words, but persisted; and he was called on to answer the charge, which he denied with the utmost solemnity and chastened indignation. Parties being thus at issue, the complainant was allowed to establish the truth of this serious imputation.

Dobie believed, and not without reason, that no proof did exist that would deserve any attention. The complainant was no doubt living in his house at the time, which was nothing of itself; but Dobie, as she asserted, besides had prosecuted his attentions with such secrecy that the other inmates were ignorant of them, and it was not to be wondered at if they all denied that they had ever seen him pass the strict bounds of decorum, and did not imagine any intimacy existed till the charge was made.

The session before which Mr. Dobie stood in the painful predicament of being judged instead

of judging, were not dissatisfied to find the case against him likely to fail; indeed, one friend proposed to leave so dark an affair till such time as the Almighty might be pleased to throw light on it; another, that Mr. Dobie's oath should be taken.

The poor complainant received little commiseration, for she was a sinner, one of the humble crowd, and she had cast a charge against their much respected brother elder, which, independent of its truth or falsehood, tended to bring his sacred and important office into contempt.

The motion to refer the matter to the future light expected to be thrown on the mystery was carried, to the intense delight of Mr. Dobie, under an appearance of assumed moderation and conscious innocence. But there was an appeal lodged to the presbytery, and this brought the affair before a more impartial tribunal, which reversed the sentence, and allowed more evidence if it could be found.

And Mr. Dobie had been seen by a neighbour,

Mr. Andrew Speckles, in his garden, a little more attentive to the complainant than was warranted by the relation of master and servant. Mr. Speckles was star-gazing on that particular evening, in the course of his astronomical studies, and had his attention withdrawn suddenly from heaven to earth by the novelty. It was some time before he could resume his celestial contemplations, his tranquillity being disturbed by the very reflections crossing his mind on account of his neighbour's behaviour; but like a prudent man, perhaps, he said nothing till the case came into the hands of his friend, Mr. Towser, whom, in her desperation, the complainant engaged; and to him, under injunctions of secrecy, Mr. Speckles divulged what he had seen.

Those injunctions were disregarded by Towser, who was in the practice of carrying everything to a conclusion, and cared for little but the establishment of what he undertook. Let who might suffer, Towser would acquiesce in nothing

but victory or defeat; the former if possible, the latter if it must happen; as in that case he declared it ended the war, and peace followed.

Mr. Speckles was obliged to tell what he saw. It was not much—a mere nothing, Mr. Speckles said; but Towser would have it told, and Mr. Speckles, driven into a corner, said he had seen Mr. Dobie steal a kiss of the complainant on that very evening on which he had been himself contemplating the hosts of heaven.

This was enough. Mr. Speckles was but one witness, to be sure, and spoke to a very little matter, as he said; but he was credible, and being an astronomer, one of the court represented he could see farther and deeper than others; and the majority came to think that at least Mr. Speckles' vision was sufficient to justify their taking the complainant's oath, who had no difficulty in giving it, and fixing Mr. Dobie in the paternal relation.

It was necessary for him to demit his office of elder, which he dishonoured by such back-

sliding and falsehood, and to submit to be rebuked for the grievous sin of which he had been guilty; and great was the sorrow of the saints and the scoffing of the profane at the downfall of so eminent a professor.

It was doubtful if the former were not more grieved at the discovery than the sin of Mr. Dobie, for it seemed to throw discredit even on those whose conduct was irreproachable; but none of them, either saint or sinner, sympathized with the poor woman. She was considered in the light of a great offender by the one, and beneath notice by the other; and, as usual, slunk away out of sight, to hide her shame and misfortune amongst the stricken deer of an unpitying world; oh! how remorseless, they alone can tell who look for compassion on earth in vain, and then look up in silence to heaven.

Mr. Dobie remained under a cloud for a time, or as a star fallen from that firmament where his fire had been lustrous; and he vowed eternal war against Speckles and Towser, though the one

protested he was looking at the evening star and not at Mr. Dobie, and Towser pretended he was forced into the discharge of an unpleasant duty. Both found Mr. Dobie's words to be no empty threat at different times.

He repented; and a long time elapsing, *concretam exemit labem*, he was restored to the honours of the eldership, and renewed his light amongst other satellites of hypocrisy; but the affair abated something of his supercilious arrogance, and he wisely forbore to sit in judgment on any sinner of the like quality and degree with himself.

CHAPTER XXII.

A regular going law suit, as managed then, though perhaps things may be amended now—a *perhaps* that will seem very doubtful to those who understand the almost invincible tendency to delay, confusion, and complication of all kinds that attend the glorious uncertainty of important and even unimportant causes, from their conception to their final doom, afforded no indifferent picture of the life of an individual who attains the average of human existence. There are ups and downs, fair weather and foul, occasional vic-

tories, followed by defeats, all having reference, nearer or more remote, to the grand Waterloo of legal warfare, as Wellington's own victories were effective sometimes, and rendered occasionally barren by the defeats of his magniloquent Spaniards. But as that crowning victory swallowed up even the earlier glories of the hero, and the blunderings of his vain allies, so the concluding judgment, after every effort on their part, extinguished the litigation finally by the defeat of Mr. Frankover and the other gentlemen, who bought the lands on a title resting on no sure foundation.

They had shared in the usual vicissitudes of such warfare; meeting with accidental successes in skirmishes fought during its progress, which have little effect on the grand struggle, and become less frequent, as the conclusion draws nigh, till on the eve of that event they disappear altogether, as in battle the clouds of tirailleurs are driven in by columns advancing with their heavy fire to close combat.

The counting of the costs was sufficiently unpleasant of itself to the losers but that was secondary. The lands were lost, the price in the pockets of many too poor to refund, of the bankrupt, the absent, or those who had paid the debt of nature.

Ostertoun and Marks, especially the former, were wealthy; but the loss crippled them for a time, and compelled economy and a change in their style of living, yet a few years would enable them to recover from the effects of the blow, which Mr. Marks bore with patience and even cheerfulness, as a dispensation of Providence, and to be received, therefore, with resignation, without murmur or complaint. The Nabob again was all fury and indignation; he resolved to hold Mr. Frankover responsible, recurring to the early idea he entertained on that subject, and only allowed his design finally to drop on finding success would be attended with no useful result. By mysterious ways at long intervals, when least suspected Providence provides the means of punish-

ment for the sins of men. Ostertoun acquired his wealth by the oppression and plunder of those under his government in the east; by receiving gifts from native princes for his interest and favor; by monopolizing corn till it rose to famine price, and men perished by starvation; and now a large part of such gains were swallowed up as rapidly as they had been made in the vortex of this lawsuit, so unfathomable to a man accustomed to see everything give way before him in other climes.

While he had not recovered his equanimity Mr. Elphinstone arrived to arrange the time of receiving possession; and he took Mr. Ostertoun, first, as he was the most conspicuous for wealth; and an arrangement with him would facilitate matters with the others.

On Elphinstone announcing himself and his object, Ostertoun in fury burst on him; "So, Sir, you are come to take possession of my estate by G—d."

"That part, sir, I believe, which the judg-

ment of the court has decreed to belong to Mr. Oliphant."

"And who are you, sir? I know nothing about you."

Elphinstone, a man of very courteous address and good heart, was disposed to pay every consideration to Mr. Ostertoun's irritation on such an occasion. He merely replied, "I am the agent of Mr. Oliphant in the suit."

"I shall not surrender my estate, sir, to you, or any Oliphant whatever. The whole thing is a juggle of a pack of cursed pettifoggers, who want to cheat me by the L—d."

Mr. Elphinstone smiled, and his calmness rather increased the fury of Mr. Oldenlaw, who continued, "Did I not pay my money for the property. Give me that back and take your lands tomorrow. Was it ever heard of, that a bargain is to be broken and things not be put in the state they were in when it was made."

"Mr. Ostertoun, there is some reason in what you now say; but you must get the money from those you paid it to."

"No, sir. By the Almighty, you must bring them here to pay it down to me, before I part with one inch of the ground."

"Mr. Ostertoun, we need not argue what is settled. You are entirely under a mistake, and must find out those to whom you paid the money, and get it back at your convenience. Here is the judgment, and I am come to arrange for your ceding possession in the way least prejudicial to your interest and comfort, consistently with Mr. Oliphant's rights."

"Sir, I despise your judgment, and would tear and trample it under my feet."

"Very well, sir; I was ready to accommodate you in every reasonable way; but as you are insensible to my moderation, I shall apply to the Sheriff to put Mr. Oliphant in possession. I wish you good morning."

He departed, and left Mr. Ostertoun to reflect upon this threat, who though so violent at the moment, was too much a man of the world to remain under the influence of the paroxysm of

passion into which he had been betrayed by Elphinstone's sudden appearance. His fury had some grounds of justification, or at least deserved a compassionate consideration; and Elphinstone showed himself fully disposed to grant it. There was no longer any of the pomp and ceremonial of Courts and Judges, lawyers pleading new points, adjournments, re-hearings, and the din and confusion, in which the matter had been so long involved, that there seemed a chance it might never escape from them; all these had withdrawn, without one remaining now of those who had assisted and defended him to whisper a word of comfort. In place of the whole comes a plain man into his house, without any externals of authority, and simply proposes that he should give up possession of his estate.

It was too much. He suspected it must come to this; but wished an arena for indulging in his complaints to the world, and invoking sympathy for his sufferings and losses caused by legal chicanery.

It was a surprising change to Mr. Elphinstone to meet with Mr. Marks, who no sooner heard the purpose of his call, than he said:

"To be sure, sir; the judgment of the court must be obeyed, and your proposal to arrange the time to suit my convenience is very kind. But we shall have no trouble about it."

"I am glad of this, sir; I find my motives can be understood; your neighbour, Mr Ostertoun, has been so unreasonable, other means will be necessary with him."

"Oh!" said Marks, laughing, "he will cool down. I will see him to-morrow, and satisfy him he must comply with a good grace."

So much was Elphinstone delighted with the frank, manly bearing of Mr. Marks, that he agreed to postpone any instant measures against Ostertoun. He next dispatched a note to Mr. Frankover, with a similar request to the others. But to him it was almost unnecessary; he was aware of what was incumbent on him, and made preparations to comply.

Mrs. Frankover, ignorant of much that troubled her husband, was glad that at last she knew the worst, even the loss of his estate, and but little spared from the wreck besides; she resolved to share his lot with courage, knowing well she had no sympathy in doing so from her own family, and especially her mother, Lady Maldon, whose dislike of Frankover was now more intense than her former favor. But the sweetness of Mrs. Frankover's disposition enabled her to bear up under misfortune with a fortitude to which the worldly are strangers, to forget the neglect of her relatives, to sooth her conscience-stricken husband. From some cause, which to herself alone would have been inexplicable, the common people whom she now more frequently met, never would speak to her but with the respect she had received at Morden in the height of prosperity, though now removed to a mean dwelling house in a petty town.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER Frankover was deprived of the Morden estate, he retreated to the provincial town from whose obscurity he had emerged. His wife, as has been said, would accompany him in his fall, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her friends, who urged her to leave him. But woman's affection is in many instances not easily altered, and only abides the stronger in adversity, through the force perhaps of a natural feeling, which is often better for man than any worldly prosperity or affluence of fortune, and which yet he often ignorantly or carelessly undervalues.

In their humble abode she exerted herself to produce, if possible, some degree of comfort and contentment. It was well for him, and much more than he deserved, to have at least one heart which sympathized with and would believe him innocent, if he chose to say so, which had accepted him in prosperity, and would remain faithful in adversity; to have one who, though born and bred in affluence, could yet follow him in poverty. In the midst of suspicions, dangers, and dislike, he endeavoured as much as was possible to clear his brow of the cares which oppressed him, to listen with apparent interest to any news she might have to tell, to conceal from her what might be painful, or to suggest what was useful; for that was a duty he felt that he owed her, and did not neglect it.

"Frankover," she said, "we ought to submit with cheerfulness to the dispensations of providence, remembering that to those who are diligent, careful, and persevering, the tide of prosperity may again flow and fill, however great has been the ebb."

"My dear Lilly," he replied, "it seems to me that human life is but a renewal, by periods, of the same facts, sensations, and experiences. Boys are praised or punished, quarrel with or are reconciled to their associates; are depressed by misfortune in their little games or elated with success. Then the stage is elevated, and re-enters the boy, now a youth, with the same feelings, only more impetuous; he goes through the same cycle, meeting with nearly similar adventures, in what is called the business of life; and, on the whole, no more happy relatively than in his former round. Again there is an elevation of the stage, again he re-enters to repeat another similar round of the events of middle life, with the same measure of failure and success. Another time it is elevated, and he re-enters, to revolve in the same circle with the limited objects of age, but with the same measure of success or misfortune as before. I declare, I think I could point out the corresponding adventure of each period of life so far as I have gone, and find three

of each as much alike in their general character, and in most particulars, as three drops of water, or grains of sand, or metal coins, or diagrams of the same figure. Upon this I found the observation, that we need not be disappointed, if we find no greater satisfaction in the third than in the second cycle, nor in the fourth than in the first; and that his idiosyncracy moulds and manages particular events to every one of us, in such a way, that unconsciously of us at the time by action or passion, they always turn up of the same form and general resemblance throughout every course. Hence men should not repine if results do not correspond to their wishes, since they cannot control them, nor envy others nor complain. The same conclusions would still follow, from their own actions, under whatever circumstances; and hence again they should not be grieved, if it is necessary to leave off the experience of what has ceased to be a novelty, and is but a tedious repetition of a previous entertainment."

"I am not sure if I comprehend all you say," she replied, "but I do not think it is justified by experience. The events of each day present something new, and heaven, I believe, has not appointed human life to run round in the way you have stated, and does not approve of scorn of its dispensations."

"Well, my dear, I am better pleased for your own sake, and perhaps for mine, that you retain your opinion, which still leaves you open to hope and expect something new with the coming day; still leaves your understanding engaged and your affections warm; and I trust they will both survive me."

Mrs. Frankover was sensible fortune had sunk her down so low, that there was scarcely a step further to descend, and during that downward progress, so precipitate and short, she became conversant with all sorts of shocks. But these only served to evolve the latent magnanimity of her soul, which might never have been called

into action but for the trials she was called on to undergo.

In her present obscurity among the many who earn a scanty subsistence by daily toil, she was now for the first time to discover, what her rank in life had hitherto concealed from her, that daily, almost hourly, exertion of the body was favorable to steadiness of mind, which thus ceased to be a prey to many passions which distract or disturb the idle, and render them uneasy and melancholy.

Besides, she lived on in hope that some turn would take place in her husband's affairs; and was also sensible, when thrown into close communication with those in a lower condition of life, that there was much kindness to be met with from them, and even assistance, so far as their narrow means would admit. She could not now incur even the expence of a single servant, and undertook much drudgery to which before she was a stranger; but the nearest matrons would often send their children to help

her, or carry any weight or any purchase from the market, or would share with her the game or fish caught by some truant son.

"How ignorant of one another we live on," she said one day to her husband as he came in from one of his solitary walks; "the better born or the wealthier maintain a supercilious air towards the poor, who fear to advance against, and perhaps to dissipate it. Neither will take the means to find out the other; and so I think there are many men and women in this country as ignorant of their neighbours as they are of the inhabitants of India or China."

Her husband smiled at the remark:—"Yes, my dear, the ignorance is just as you say; I doubt it cannot be altered by an abatement of pride on the one side, or fear on the other. These abatements can be but temporary, since the people of this, as of every densely populous country, are divided into social classes, which, though they seem united in their extremities, as the borders of one country must fall

into those adjoining, are in the middle apart; and each occupied with its own pursuits, has no time or inclination to interest itself in those of its neighbours."

"It may be so," she said, "and I have now reason to know it; but it were better otherwise, for none can know the utility of a greater community of interests than those who like ourselves have been driven from one class to herd with another. Think not, my dear, that I complain of our fate, or repine because it is not different, while I share it with you; but I have seen more genuine kindness amongst those who have little than I have experienced from those who had much."

"We will not enquire into the cause of this too nicely," said her husband; "else perhaps it might be found that where it was not needed it was not shown. Independence is the indispensible condition of belonging to the higher classes where there is not rank already; poverty and dependence are among the afflictions of the lower,

and some are daily sinking into the latter while some are again emerging into the former."

"Well, I am certain there can be no interested motive in the little attentions and kindnesses I so often receive from those around; they see we can make no return."

"In the meantime we cannot; and let us be thankful that at least we have found those attentions which once were rather paid to our condition in life than to your merit."

Mrs. Frankover, at this pause in the conversation, carried out to the little plot in front of her house some linens, and while laying them out on the green, Mrs. Fairwood, with her two daughters, passed by, gaily dressed, laughing and chatting. At the sound of their voices she looked up, and her eye caught Mrs. Fairwood's, as, indeed, it could not well be otherwise, the party came so close past the place. Both stared at each other, but Mrs. Frankover conceiving it became not her, in her fallen condition, to attempt any recognition, made no advance or

sign that she knew them. The other hesitated; the daughters had also discovered the difficulty; but all passed on, having on the instant made up their minds that there would be a want of discretion in renewing an intimacy they were no long time before anxious by every means to secure and cultivate. The laugh and loud talk, however, sunk to a whisper.

"That was Mrs. Frankover, mother," said one of the daughters, whose young feelings were not entirely blunted; "could you not at least have said something?"

"No, girl, that something would only have introduced us to unfortunate wretches, and perhaps to a demand of some kind upon us; my experience teaches me to avoid recognitions that lead to such results."

"Well, mother, that is true, but see what would be said of us if this were known."

"But it will not be known, at least by those we care any thing for; and so nothing can be said, it is no fault of ours that they have been unfortunate."

"I am sure," said her second hope, "it is no fault of Mrs. Frankover, mother."

"I do not know," said the mother, "she married below her rank, and she is now experiencing the punishment that usually attends those who do so; and then her father would receive her back, but she will not leave that degraded man her husband."

"No doubt," said the daughter, "if she will remain where she is, she cannot expect us to be desirous of her acquaintance."

"Well, girl, enough of this, but say nothing of the meeting, and then it will not be said we should have done otherwise."

Mrs. Frankover stood a few moments looking after them, and then resumed the work she was about, without any feeling of hostility or even contempt, though perhaps the latter might have been justified; for she remembered the time when they were on the watch for the smallest notice by her, and extravagantly gratified by the honor of her society.

On returning into the house she related the renconter with a good-natured laugh to her husband, but she found him somewhat more sensitive to the marked disrespect shown by Mrs. Fairwood, than could have been suspected by her, which would have been a sufficient reason to say nothing about it.

Frankover had himself sought the notice and society of those above him, much as Mrs. Fairwood herself had done, and as this had been one of his foibles or failings, the neglect even of such a family as the Fairwoods annoyed him. His wife again, never having found the necessity of courting any society, had no feeling of failure in what she had never been forced to undertake.

Frankover sat silent and musing for a time, and then said,

"My dear, you suffer this for your too faithful attachment to me; it would be otherwise if you would accept your father's offer and return to him; I can struggle on, I will at least try to do so without you."

"Never will I leave you, my dear Frankover, I would not for the wealth or place of the greatest lady in the land; it is my happiness to be near you."

Such was the sweetness of her disposition, and engaging mildness of her face and manner, so true to the promptings of her heart, answered that gentle voice, he was sensibly affected. What man is there but believes he is possessed of some claims to be loved? He caught her in his arms telling her she was a fool, but must have her own will, as prudent views of comfort seemed thrown away.

Jealousy of every thing that might tend to injure him in her opinion, was evident in his every word and action, terror when Adamson or Oliphant was mentioned, watchfulness of any current news she had heard and repeated.

She was to him, in absence of love or kindness elsewhere, a last refuge which he would not be deprived of, a guardian that would not depart, though wealth and rank might flee away. Yet

she had heard enough at Maldon, but disbelieved it all; and as for Woodport, most there, when they knew she would live with her husband, contrary to her father's wishes, would have felt it impossible in her presence to injure Frankover.

Allan Stevenson might have been an exponent of their feelings towards her. He came to Woodport somewhat oftener and stayed longer than his wants justified. To some one who was abusing Frankover, and saying his misfortunes and of all that belonged to him, were a judgment of Heaven for his merciless conduct to others.

"Hands, hands off! say of him what you will, but not of her; I hae been east and west, in India and here, and I never saw onie woman to compare wi' Mrs. Frankover."

CHAPTER XXIV.

As has been often observed, misfortunes come not singly, but in battalions; so Frankover had not only to endure the loss of fortune and rank, but also the neglect of those who only knew him while prosperity lasted, or of those who might have been glad to avail themselves of his talents in the sphere in which they had been first shown. His wife's relations only knew him as the owner of Oliphant's estate; and when that was gone recommended, nay insisted, on her deserting him as bankrupt both in fortune and fame. But she

firmly resisted all such proposals, and trusted that his profession might still enable him to live if he could no longer expect to retrieve the disasters which had befallen him. It is not easy, however, to begin the world anew. The spirit of youth flags in middle life, beyond which even yet he was not much advanced; what seemed once easy is found to be irksome; what seemed great gains are then considered small; new competitors have arisen and proceeded on the path which had been deserted; old modes have been laid aside for new; much has to be learned when learning is tedious, and the confidence of younger men checks or discomfits the experience of age; which besides being obsolete, is also obstinate. In addition, there was poverty to be endured, suspicions to be averted, hatred to be encountered; and the spirit, that could have defied these, sinks, when withdrawn for a time from the field in which it was omnipotent; as the tiger, formidable in his native haunts, is depressed in his iron cage, and can be safely contemplated through ts

bars, which the careless idlers brush with impunity.

At first he resolutely struggled against all, rather because he saw his wife wished it than because he had any heart in the contest. His proud spirit repaid with indifference the neglect of former friends, but could not endure one or two allusions, made by those he mingled with, to his former circumstances; and he became moody and cheerless, his mind refusing old motives of exertion, but constantly presenting the same round of past subjects for reflection, melancholy mental spectres, conceived of guilt and disappointed ambition. His wife was not unobservant of this, and resolved to make an attempt on her father's affection. One day when he had gone out she hastily dressed in such a manner as should least attract attention, muffled her head under a shawl; and engaged a neighbour to inform him, if he should unexpectedly return before her, that she was gone to visit an acquaintance, which she knew would please him, as he

loved to see her cheerful and amused in any way. He knew nothing of her design, which he would have opposed, and even if she had thought otherwise, she wished him not to suffer with her the pain of a refusal.

"I can stand it," she said to herself, "if he knows nothing of it; I could not if he did."

She took a bye path that led round to the public road carrying her forward a mile or two on her way, and esteemed herself fortunate that she met few, and they passed by without making any particular observation.

It was necessary to go through the village of Morden, and here she could hardly hope to be unnoticed. It was a fine afternoon, and the village matrons were watching their white-headed, bare-legged, rosy faced children, playing in the street; the maidens were laughing at the well, or busy at their needles at the window one minute, the next looking at the passers by. They were at fault only for a little; she had not got half way through the street till her gait and

figure discovered her. The matrons drew together and whispered, the younger women drew near to listen.

"It is Mrs. Frankover," said Mrs. Todrick, "and I'm grieved to see her, for she has done nae harm, whatever be her gudeman's fauts."

"It is hersel indeed," said another, who when a damsel was employed at the house, "but we must not seem to ken her, for she wants that."

"Gae into the house, you idle limmers, and mind your wark," Mrs. Todrick said, addressing the younger of the group, who then stole in with a smile. Apparently the rest had some kind recollection of Mrs. Frankover, in times when she was near and befriended them, as they also retired into their houses, charging the older boys to keep a watch on the younger.

In the meantime, Mrs. Frankover, too much occupied with anticipations of the reception she was likely to meet with, to notice any one, had reached the lodge, and knocked at the gate, which was opened by the old porter, the same

who had kept it ever since she remembered. He instantly recognized and was overjoyed to see her again.

"Come out, Mary," he cried to his wife, "here is our mistress; I mean here is Mrs. Frankover." His wife appeared in haste, and pressed her to come in and rest.

"No, no. Is my father at home?"

"Yes, he is."

"Then I must see him, and as I have little time, I must make the most of it."

She went forward, while they gazed after her with interest and regret, for they could only think of her as the girl they had loved in her father's house.

The door was opened by a new servant, who did not know her, and said he was afraid she could not then see Sir John. Mrs. Frankover said it was of importance she should see him, "and as I know the way well, I will venture to cut short this conversation."

So saying she walked across the hall, and went

up to the library, where she thought it was possible she might find her father. Nor was she mistaken. He was sitting employed at his desk, from which he rose as she ran forward to embrace him, and received her in his arms; and as she sobbed and wept under a thousand recollections, the old man's eyes filled also with tears.

"You must see your mother and compose yourself, my dear," he said, "and we will talk of every thing to-morrow."

"It must be now, father, for I cannot wait till to-morrow."

"Not wait! Who will compel you to go?"

"My duty will compel me. I must return to Frankover—nay, I must do so; and he does not know I am here. In one word then, father, I am come to beseech you to relent towards him, and to give us such assistance and countenance as you can."

"My dear child, leave that man; come home to us; you are ever welcome; indeed, I insist on your coming, and in order to it I will

refuse any assistance while you remain with him."

"Then, father, you must refuse it while he lives. I will continue to be his wife by remaining with him in his misfortune."

Sir John tried by various remonstrances to alter her resolution, and could scarcely be prevented by the most earnest entreaties from sending for her mother, who, she well knew, would insist even more energetically on her leaving Frankover.

"Well, father," she said at last, "my time of absence is fully expired. I shall not say you are unkind, because your object in refusing me help is to force me back; but I think you will regret this day when there will be no remedy." She kissed his cheek and was gone.

He stepped backwards and forwards in great agitation, hesitating if he should not recall her; went to the door, turned, went again, caught up his hat and followed down the avenue. She had passed quickly out at the gate, and went through

the village, where in the dark she was not now so easily known; then with a sad heart retraced the road, on which only a stray passenger appeared at intervals; while the evening wind rose and sighed softly through the trees, as if lamenting her hard fortune, so undeserved, yet so firmly borne. A sense of deadness and oppression, which she had hardly felt before, came over her; a cold sweat rose on her brow, and she feared her strength would fail; but uttering a few words of prayer was a relief, and restored her; and she was able to reach home while Frankover was still absent.

CHAPTER XXV.

Most of those to whom all the circumstances were so well known, remained dissatisfied with the result of the inquiry into Frankover's conduct and connection with Adamson, indeed all but Pompwell, who was not only convinced of his innocence, but held him to be the victim of a set of revolutionary conspirators. And but for his accidental absence, for he was now occupied in the affairs of Government at a distance, he would have extended his patronage long ago to one whose evidence against a conspicuous member of

the Convention he believed had brought him to ruin. Frankover seemed to expect it; it had been promised, and what Pompwell promised he was well able and generally not slow to perform.

The sympathy denied to Frankover was shown to his wife so much that she almost declined to go out, and this he was quick to observe, and also how fast their little means dwindled away.

He repeated his request to her to leave him to his fate, but she as steadfastly answered:—

"Though the whole world desert you, I cannot. Let us bear our lot together. If you will endeavour to be cheerful I am happy."

One evening Allan Stevenson who had now returned to his old habitation under the auspices of a new master, met Frankover, who would have passed by without seeming to notice him; but Allan remembered only his kindness without being aware of its cause, and addressed him:

"Ye mauna pass an auld acquaintance, Mr.

Frankover. I hae na forgot ye gave me the house; but lie down, Adie," speaking to his dog, which began to bark at Frankover. "The beast was Adamson's, sir; I brought him frae Edinburgh wi' me, though his master forged my name."

At these words Frankover started with an exclamation of horror.

"Dinna be sae much cast down, Mr. Frankover. I believe na the clash of the kintra; and here's the little I hae saved frae the trial," stretching forth his hand, which held a little bag; "it's been kept for you for some time, but I'll no miss this chance."

A slight blush suffused Frankover's cheek as he declined the money. He was now brought face to face with an humble man, one of the lowly multitude, who live on and pass away to oblivion with scarce a sigh for them, and he had been found far his inferior.

"Well, then," said Allan, "I got it for witnessing in the case, and sin ye winna tak it, there it

goes," and he threw it from him into the next field.

It was an act that continued his surprise, but he was now proof against exhibiting any, told Allan he was glad he had been confirmed in possession of the house he had given him in the village, and then walked away as if his pride was interested in maintaining a calm indifference.

He returned slowly homewards, mentally admitting the superiority of the poor soldier. He would not seem to accept Allan's generosity, but necessity forces men to many things, and all the easier if the world at large sees not the strain caused by the wounded pride.

Next morning he stole out early, went to the place where he had met Allan, and after a search found the bag containing the money. Want has humbled many better men, and noble hearts have stooped to ask charity, for nature will be obeyed.

Little commiseration would have attended Frankover if he had been forced to that last step

among his fellow men, for by mysterious ways, they had been directed to just conclusions, though everything was to ordinary vision, and, as he believed, shrouded in complete obscurity, or darkness.

He picked up the bag almost secure, it was so early no one would see him, and returned. It was difficult to find an excuse to his wife for having the money, but he told her he had received it the day before for an old debt.

"Old or new, my dear, it is welcome," she said, as free from suspicion and deceit as from pride.

It sunk deep into his heart to be obliged to such a source for even the means of subsistence, and he continued to brood over it in silence till night came, when he left his house for one of those solitary walks which had become habitual. His wife, on this occasion alarmed, put on a cloak and hastened after.

He found his way careless of everything, to some high rocks that jutted into the sea at Fern-

craig, and sat down to indulge in his secret melancholy thoughts, while his wife cautiously approached, and stood at a little distance, afraid to come nearer, but on the watch.

The moaning night wind and dashing billows were the only sounds that reached her ear, and there she long stood motionless, uncertain, a prey to terror. What passed through his mind unconscious of the guardian angel who was ready to save him, may be guessed but cannot be known; perhaps some hope returned, perhaps there was cowardice, or the warning of youthful education.

The morning appearing over sea and shore reanimated her, and she ventured timidly forward and touched him as he lay.

"Oh, Frankover, what have I suffered this night, and yet it is well, if you will go home with me."

At her voice he started, rose up, and sensible of her tenderness took her gently in his arms, kissed her, and allowed himself to be led home.

He blamed himself in tones of anguish, for the cruel sufferings she had borne, but her answer was,

"You did not know I followed, and I do not blame you."

He knew and confessed it otherwise, alas! that such confessions should be so frequent, if not in words, at least in tears, and sorrow, and vain repentance.

The exposure and excitement were too much for her delicate frame; she became ill and fevered. He was too sensible of all she had suffered for his sake, not to feel most keenly for the danger to which his weak and wayward conduct had exposed the only creature who loved him, and it restored him to reflection, and he was most anxious in procuring advice, and promised everything she required hereafter.

"I was a brute," he said, "to reduce you to this, but I will never again have a thought or design in which you shall not participate; rest assured of this, my dear Lilly, and compose yourself."

He was penitent for her sake alone; but notwithstanding every care she herself became conscious of the gradual failure of strength, and by that species of divination which is often gifted to us to prepare for the closing scene in the weary pilgrimage of the world, conjectured what was at hand, and meditated in silence how to break the subject to her husband, whose anxious eye and tender solicitude for her smallest want made her fearful of withdrawing the last stone upon which his foot still stood.

"Frankover," she said at length, "you must not give way to these gloomy thoughts to which you have been a prey."

"I will not, my dear Lilly. I shall never do so again. Everything is well when you are beside me."

"But you cannot have me always; and you will promise, should I go away?"

"You cannot, you will not leave me, Lilly. Who dare take you away?"

"I will not; but if—if heaven ordain it, and

call me hence, promise to look to it in the hour of trial. I have done so; and oh! that I could impart to you in this respect my own feelings, my own hopes, my confidence, my security."

"Alas! this sounds in my ear like the murmuring of childhood, when the lips but prattle, without understanding, the lessons of a mother. How can you talk thus to a man who knows the ways of the world."

"Its trials are just given for the application of our childish lessons in Christian virtue. Would you could see or feel them as I now do."

"I must become a child again, I think, under your tuition, before I can take these lessons in the true spirit," he said, smiling.

"And so, indeed, it ought to be. Does not Christ say that of such children is the kingdom of Heaven?"

"My dear, these views may suit men when about the entering or leaving of life, and very good they may be then; or women; but daily, nay hourly experience, makes man regard them

with doubt. He is here to do his part, and is dealing with those who pay no more respect to such preaching than to the idle winds or the passing clouds, the rain or sunshine, as they struggle with one another in the mortal combat of life."

"Yes, mortal indeed. It is from these that hold you in their grasp that I would withdraw you to contemplate immortality. The fight is o'er in no long time, nor the winner much better off than the loser, even in this world, and perhaps worse off in his preparation for the next."

"My dear, we will take this at a more convenient season. I have a letter to attend at D. with my accounts. My name at them was once enough to save even an audit; but now a stranger is brought from Edinburgh to exercise his skill in detecting errors, and to show his authority by demanding explanations and requiring, as Lord D. now phrases it, reasonable satisfaction. I know what that means, but I am prepared for him, if I dare leave you."

"My dear Frankover, you must not allow any thing to detain you from meeting that gentleman; certainly nothing so simple as my accidental illness."

"I would not be away from you if my fears, but no—they are vain."

"I am sure they are, and you will return to-morrow."

"To-morrow! I will toss the accounts to him, and treat even his employer with contempt, if they should offer to detain me one night in your illness, of which I am the cause."

"No, you are not; but go, then, and believe me it will be a comfort to find your attention engaged and that you are again yourself."

The gentleman who was commissioned to examine Mr. Frankover's accounts was free at least from local partialities and prejudices, but he was so much influenced by reports and suggestions of his employers, now as credulous of these themselves as they had formerly been confiding, that the reception he gave Frankover was

cold or even freezing. There had been no previous introduction; but the necessities of business rendered formality in the stranger's opinion superfluous, and he proceeded in the investigation with an accuracy and diligence proportioned to the expectations and demands of his employer. The readiness of mind, the facility of language, and the grace of manner with which Frankover, now in his usual element, parried objections, or removed difficulties, excited his admiration, and in the first instance made him even more watchful; but as nothing in these intricate accounts seemed open to serious question in honesty, though there might be room for difference of opinion in point of prudence, some cordiality insensibly began to prevail; and the examination was concluded to their mutual satisfaction. In the end Mr. Gerard wished it were always his good fortune to meet with accounts so free from objection, looked at his watch, and found to the surprise of both—so engrossing had been the subject—it was far on in the night, or rather the

morning had begun, for the investigation had been continued by candle-light.

Mr. Frankover rose to depart.

"You will sleep here, Mr. Frankover, and return to Woodport after breakfast."

"No, sir; my wife is in weak health, and I have promised to return. It may be far on in the morning, but she will watch and expect me. I cannot disappoint her."

"A message can be sent."

"No; I shall be my own messenger, nor ask another to do what is my duty."

Gerard respected the feeling that prompted the answer, and sat silent for a minute, then rung a bell and desired Mr. Frankover's horse to be brought out—a hack he had hired for the occasion.

"There is a trifling balance against you, Mr. Frankover, but it should not be exacted."

"I desire no favour, Mr. Gerard. It will be paid, though not at this hour."

Frankover in a short time had formed a just

estimate of Gerard's character, and regulated his conduct by a regard to his little foibles in minute details of figures and accounts; and so great was the impression made on him by Frankover's polished address, assumed and worn in his intercourse with those he wished to conciliate, till it seemed like nature, that he was greatly influenced by it; and made a report on his return, not only that the accounts were beyond exception, but that he was worthy of being continued in the management of the estate as before; and that might have happened, if his circumstances had not been so well known, that it would have been the height of imprudence to intrust the receipt of the rents of an extensive estate, longer to one in so low or desperate a condition of fortune.

It was easier for Gerard to give the order than for the servant to have it executed, for all about the house were long retired to rest. Frankover, relieved to some extent, by the issue of the examination, of any care about the accounts, after leaving the house, walked backwards and for-

wards impatiently, till the usual time when the servants could bring him his horse, and at last sat down near the gate of the garden. The gardener's daughter came out at it in the happy innocence of childhood, and as she saw Frankover, whose face was not strange to her, mechanically offered him the flower in her hand—a lily wet with the dew of the morning. He accepted it with pleasure as a good omen, and placed it in his breast, with smiles and thanks to the little giver. Her father was following her, and promised to bring out the horse if he could get the key, and in no long time he was able to do so.

Frankover rode on, sometimes turning his mind with satisfaction on the business of the night, so fortunately concluded; at other times trembling with fear lest the state of his wife's health should be worse, but knowing he had no cause to fear reproaches for his absence.

"She is so gentle and considerate, and will be rather pleased with my report of every thing."

The morning sun was risen as he rode into Woodport, where he gave his horse to the first idle boy he met to be taken to the owner, and hurried home.

There was no one to meet him as he opened the little gate to the plot of ground in front; the female, who gave a little attendance in the morning, since his wife's illness, had returned to her house to watch over several noisy urchins of her own; he almost hoped she herself might be able to come out to meet him; but he was disappointed; all was silence. No blue smoke from the chimney showed any early industry; nought but the morning breeze waving fitfully the trees and flowers were heard; there were no sparks of fire, but dead ashes in the grate to which his eye first turned as he was crossing the threshold passing in at the open door. His limbs shook; he held his breath, till almost sobbing with intensity of expectation, advancing towards the bed in which she lay, a placid smile on her countenance, as if in a deep sleep;

nearer, nearer still with noiseless step—"She must not be awakened," he almost whispered as he leant forward to hear her breathing, touched her hand with a cry as he knew the spirit had fled for ever.

He fell on the body, and became insensible for a minute or two, and only was roused to consciousness by the words and hands of the poor attendant who had returned and tried to pull him away.

"Let me die for I have killed her!" he exclaimed.

"No, no, Mr. Frankover, she desired me to say she died happy, and was glad you were saved the pain of parting."

"But did she not call for me?"

"Yes, she called your name twice just before she died."

"Wretch that I am, and you, woman, why did not you send?"

"Alas, I knew not where!"

"I am alone to blame, but there is a re-

medy for what is beyond endurance in this world."

"That, that, sir, is what she said, and wished you to find it in her bible, of which she folded down a leaf."

Footsteps were heard approaching, and Frankover was recalled to reflection by the entrance of Mr Double, whom Sir John Maldon had deputed to offer some assistance. The poor woman in the difficulty in which she was placed by Frankover's absence, naturally sent a messenger to the father, and Lady Maldon suggested Mr. Double to do for the honor of the family what was required in ordering a funeral suitable to their rank. But Frankover was in no mood to receive him or his offers, and as soon as he heard them replied,

"Go back to those who sent you, and tell them I reject all such offers; to be useful they should have been made earlier and for other purposes."

Mr. Double was not one calculated to remove the prejudices or the pride of him to whom he was

commissioned, and returned to report the result. But the excitement which prompted his words to Mr. Double, and the resentment he entertained against the Maldons, served for the time to brace his mind, and restore its wonted vigor and resolution, as he directed the usual preparations to be made.

With abundance of sighs and tears while none were present, he contemplated for the last time that face in which alone he had thought he could look for and find a refuge from the judgment and condemnation of the world. She had seen somewhat to esteem while all others despised him, and he knew it, and allowed his affections, never else but subordinate to his interest, for once to take root and flourish.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHILE Frankover remained thus forlorn and outcast, wishing death as a relief from farther misery, an event occurred which was unthought of or unexpected by every one else, and had ceased to be looked forward to by himself.

Pompwell, who so firmly believed in his innocence, and whose convictions were honest, however violent, had read a letter representing his situation, which lay long unopened by his accidental absence. His sympathy and compassion were excited by the belief that he himself was

in some degree a cause of Frankover's misfortunes.

For him this was enough. A vacancy in a government appointment occurred, which Frankover was well qualified to fill; and as it was at Pompwell's command, he wrote to Frankover, offering it with the expression of his regret for the suffering he had undergone, for bearing testimony against a political offender who contrived, he said, in his usual style to escape the punishment he deserved.

The ground was so plausible, and enabled Frankover so conveniently to escape from a place where he had no hope, that he at once accepted it, published the appointment as an evidence of the most convincing kind and of the highest authority to his own innocence, and the malignity of his persecutors; and was thus enabled to leave that scene of his former success and failure, with some appearance of returning fortune.

Such a consequence of political friendships or prejudices or animosities, need not seem surpris-

ing or of rare occurrence. It is neither; and is the advantage which a zealous partisan of the rising man of a political and powerful section of our speechmaking and busy legislators obtains in return for his support and services. It is right to maintain the supporters of the system; for if the rising man ultimately reaches the top of the tree of preferment, why should not his friends on whose wings he soared, be allowed to settle or nestle in the lower branches.

There is no easy answer; for experience proves that so it has been of old, and so it is probably fated to remain as long as party politics, and human nature continue as they are; that is till doomsday; and the cynic and the disappointed, may rail or denounce as they please.

Above all, if Pompwell could not succeed against Princeton in one way, he was resolved to prove to him he could protect and promote the man whom he contributed to reduce to the greatest misery. In this he gratified two feelings, his hatred of Princeton, and his own

vanity. He was now one of the ministers of the day, residing generally in London, but all powerful in Scotland; and he had the merit of being a steady friend of those who gave him their active support. Frankover knew the importance of cultivating his good opinion, had exaggerated his services, and lamented his misfortunes, which he attributed to Princeton in various letters, that laid a foundation for his present success.

It was an escape without desert, from bankruptcy and contempt into comfort and importance, which perhaps would not have been sanctioned by Pompwell had he not been blinded by those political prejudices and animosities. Mr. Oldenlaw, who knew the circumstances better, ventured to doubt, in conversation, the propriety of Frankover's appointment, but was told he was ignorant of his merits, and of the persecution he had suffered, which, said Pompwell, "I can hardly excuse, for you were his counsel."

The inuendo contained some truth, and Olden-

law was silent; so difficult is it to square our opinions, even of each other, with the known maxims of morality, in consequence of the operation of disturbing personal influences and agencies. He was silenced not convinced; but Pompwell interpreted that silence into an admission of error, and was only the more convinced of his own sagacity and rectitude of conduct, and of the merits of the man he supported against the malevolence of Princeton.

Pompwell though in error, at least did not know it, and proceeded on plausible grounds. He looked not beyond the surface, and gave effect to his political predilections and animosities, where he knew or imagined a witness had suffered by giving his testimony against political conspirators. But similar benefits have been often conferred, where the fortunate friend, associate, or partisan was bankrupt so profoundly, and, worse than Frankover, so notoriously, both in character and estate, that, if in humble life, he would never have been trusted

afterwards, nay, perhaps have been indicted for fraud and punished; yet as the law is busy principally with the crimes of the poor, his offences were sympathized with, or overlooked, hushed up, or concealed, and tried to be forgotten; while, like Frankover, he started on a new journey of worldly prosperity.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE effects of a protracted lawsuit and its disastrous results were enough to overwhelm his father; but Charles Oliphant, reared in poverty and dependence, and aware he must contend with difficulties in his future life, looked on the question in its various eventful phases with comparative indifference, while he was cautioned by Mr. Princeton against too great confidence. He had thus, except in so far as it promised an immediate union with Mary Morton, little anxiety about that for which they were exerting

themselves so much in his behalf, as he was fully determined to rely upon his own industry and abilities.

Though absent, he did not fail by letter to continue his protestations and vows of affection, and to assure her of his constancy; and this helped to sustain her amidst a thousand suggestions, occasioned by varying and contradictory reports of the issue. But while anticipating his success, she could have wished a different result. It would have been enough for her if Oliphant could have forgot fortune and rank in the condition of a farmer or a cotter, as he often said he would, if only she would share his lot. At first the hopes held out by her uncle were relieved by her with satisfaction, and she rejoiced at her lover's prospects of recovering the estate of his ancestors; but as in course of time that event seemed certain, she feared that one so far above her in fortune might slight the maiden he had often whispered he loved beyond all worldly possessions. To reply to his letters was a pleasure

and consolation; but, as even after the suit was decided he came not, she began to doubt his faith, and fear the change that absence, fairer faces, or more wealth and time might produce; and thus became melancholy and silent, no longer seeming to possess the light step and laughing eye, that formerly attracted so much admiration. Wooers she had in numbers; but neither pride on account of Oliphant's supposed neglect, nor the wealth or rank, or personal appearances of any could induce her to give them any encouragement. Her grandmother guessed the cause of the visible alteration of her darling, but in the doubt that seemed to rest on Oliphant's intentions could not venture to afford her any consolation.

One afternoon she repaired to the spot where she had first received him, a destitute boy, and sat herself to brood over his too apparent neglect. Her faithful dog followed and gambolled about her, using all his efforts to attract her notice, but as he failed in this, at length

stretched himself beside her, and looked at her with such earnest attention, that he almost seemed to read her thoughts.

"Poor Hector, thou at least will not desert me, though Charles does."

He wagged his tail as much as to say he would not, and creeping forward laid his head gently on her lap. She patted him, and he again begun his gambols around her, when suddenly attracted by the steps of some one approaching he sprung away, leaped over the adjacent fence, and was lost to her sight. While she sat watching his re-appearance, Oliphant himself sprung over the fence, rushed forward, and took her almost fainting in his arms.

"My dear Mary; this is the crowning joy of my life; I am come to ask you to be mine. What we might have waited years before reaching if I had to make a fortune, we have now attained. I owe everything to you first, and next to your grandmother and uncle and Mr. Princeton; and I am not ungrateful, if you will favor

me. Your smiles alone are wanting, and without them all is nothing."

She gave him her hand and said she would be his, if her grandmother consented.

"Come away, then, and let us ask her."

They entered the house and her grandmother saw at a glance her Mary was the chosen of Oliphant; and he had hardly time to ask her, when she said "God bless you both, you will make a happy pair."

Mr. Princeton gave his cordial sanction to the match; and the nuptials were soon after celebrated. Miss Waldie, who had transferred her affection for his father to a motherly interest in the son, was present on the auspicious occasion; and accompanied Oliphant and his bride to the home of his ancestors.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mr. Arnold had never any occasion to feel alarm for Pompwell, after he left Scotland. That dignitary, indeed, went through some form of his court against him, which reached not beyond the Tweed, which Arnold never heard of, and would have laughed at it if he had.

Shortly after his return to London he succeeded to a handsome fortune, by the death of an aunt, who neglected him while she lived, but remembered him in her will. This gave him weight and influence in quarters where he had none before, and one of his first actions was to procure Mr. Henderson an appointment in the

He informed Henderson that he made Mrs. Stewart happy, far beyond her hope, by an annuity, and that he frequently enquired after Mr. Quivox, whose love of lecturing on his favorite science, had been the means of snatching him from certain banishment, the lot of some others of the convention, and in gratitude had made him a certain remittance annually, without permitting him to be aware of the source from which it came. Henderson was delighted with the kind consideration which Arnold thus manifested, and as he had determined to visit Scotland, he asked Arnold to accompany him, and renew his acquaintance with some of those scenes and places they had frequented together. Arnold consented, and they made their way down by easy stages.

Little did they expect to witness the extent and magnificence Edinburgh now exhibited. Streets, squares, and public buildings, seemed to have risen from the ground, which they had often traversed, as if by magic. The people had turned

their energies in the right direction, and with their well-known perseverance had passed through several centuries in their rapid progess. They had stepped out of the castellated buildings and narrow streets of their warlike ancestors, into the Athenian habitations of a polished and wealthy people, and this too without assistance from governments, in the absence of an aristocracy, with no mart of commerce or manufactures, in the absence of everything that sustains other cities, or raises small towns into large ones.

"It is certainly," said Arnold, "the finest example of what an energetic people can do, that is to be found in Britain."

"Or in the world," said Henderson, whose Scottish pride in his country was unbounded.

They were not long of visiting Mr. Princeton, with whom a correspondence had been kept up by both, and spent in his most agreeable society several weeks, finding always something new to admire in his judgment, learning, hospitality, and kindness, to his neighbours and tenants.

Arnold found that Mr. Quivox now resided constantly in Edinburgh, for creditors had deprived him of his estate; not that he had been an extravagant man, but his love of science and experiment had been so great, that for the one he neglected or with the other mismanaged it, while its extent and quality admitted of nothing but care and frugality.

The two friends resolved to purchase it back for him, and found no difficulty in this at a very reasonable rate; for the successor of Mr. Quivox, though a practical farmer, discovered it to be the most intractable ground, and unimproveable soil he had ever attempted, if soil it could be called whose description was formerly endeavoured to be given. Having secured the estate for its scientific owner, they resolved to pay him a visit, and found him living with a single female domestic at the height of ten stories in the Old Town. He was occupied in his usual studies, though now in appearance older and more stiff. Rising up on their entrance he saluted

them as perfect staangers; years, too, had done some work on younger faces as on his own. Arnold, who saw volumes of works of all sizes before him, rightly conjectured they were on his favourite subject, and by way of introducing conversation, complimented him on his well-known proficiency in political knowledge, and enquired what division of his science then occupied his attention.

This was enough to make him forget that his visitors were strangers.

"I am engaged, gentlemen, in considering whether there is a well founded claim on the part of the strong, able-bodied, and healthy, to be supported from the land and wealth of the country; in other words, whether there should be a general tax for the support of the poor. Were my science understood and practised there should be no poor; but I am forced to temporary expedients continually, by the prejudices of mankind. In Scotland we have admitted none such to support, but only those whom old age or

extreme youth has rendered incapable of work; or whom, though adult, injuries or disease of the body, or infirmity of the mind has disabled. That old law, if the ignorance of mankind must be deferred to, was humane to those who deserved humanity, stern and relentless to those who were bound to exert themselves; and it required parents to support their children, children to succour parents; one relation to help another. I believe on the same supposition that law was for the situation and circumstances of the good country, as these long remained; but a new kind of population has been created by manufactures, which is periodically thrown out of work by a cessation of demand for the products of its labour. This population is self-indulgent, careless, improvident, and too large to be dealt with under the old system. Now I would insist on the principle of masters and workmen making common cause to meet these periodical cessations.

"Each should be taxed on their income, to

form a fund for the peculiar kind of poverty which they themselves create. They should not be allowed to separate and forget each other in the adversity of numbers of their body, who have toiled to increase the substance of many of their calling, in the time of prosperity, and of active demand. They have no right to call on the rest of the people, who are maintaining themselves, through all difficulties, and at all times, by their own exertions, to relieve this manufacturing population in bad times, as they are conveniently called. Let, therefore, a tax be laid on the whole manufacturing population, according to their income, and the fund be reserved for these periodical depressions, which now create want, agitation, disturbance, and riots, and occasionally military interference. The manufacturers cannot complain of a tax, the proceeds of which will be expended on their own necessities."

Arnold smiled to find that years had not diminished Mr. Quivox's mental activity; and

assured him his views were sounder, and more practical, than some he had heard from him on one other occasion. The Economist's attention being thus roused he looked first at one and then at the other, but could not remember that he had seen them.

"But I have had so many hearers that I may well, forget you gentlemen. My lectures are perhaps too profound at times for common understandings, though I mean not to rank yours in that category."

Arnold therefore found it necessary to recall former events to his recollection, at the same time mentioning his own and Henderson's name; and concluded by informing Mr. Quivox that he considered himself indebted to his lecture on emigration and colonization for his escape from a voyage to the colonies himself.

The Economist now brightened up more and more, and said their visit gave him much pleasure; and as for the subject of that lecture to which Mr. Arnold referred, he had recurred to it

often, and always with a stronger conviction of its substantial truth.

"We shall discuss it hereafter perhaps," said Arnold, "but now Mr. Henderson and I wish to call your attention to a place nearer home. We have purchased Quivoxmuirhead, and will have the pleasure of reoognising you as its future owner if you will accept it."

Mr. Quivox, to whom this piece of generosity was totally unexpected, stopped and looked at them in the face; it was something beyond the ordinary conduct of mankind; but seeing them to be quite serious, and indeed Arnold producing the deed to him as owner, he expressed the utmost gratitude, because two comparative strangers had done more to show their approbation of the merits of his lectures and science, than his country.

They had no objection to the ground on which Mr. Quivox believed they had proceeded, but had him away to dine at a well-known tavern formerly patronised during the sittings of the Convention,

where they found reason to discover, as the wine opened Mr. Quivox's heart, that he could be fully sensible of their kindness, independent of his claims on the gratitude of his country and the human race.

On Arnold's recommendation he promised to give up any experiments of farming his own estate, which had in former times been unprofitable, and to look more carefully into the debtor and creditor of his transactions with his tenants.

THE END.

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